# The Nation.

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## The Week.

Senator Knox is a solemn as well as an able man, and he naturally takes his endorsement for the Presidency by the Pennsylvania Convention with great seriousness. Any candidate having a comfortable nucleus of sixty-eight delegates to start with, might be excused for thinking that he had begun well. But there is no sign that people the country over regard this Pennsylvania manœuvre as anything but a little diversion, or else a scheme for tying up the delegates from that State in a way to make them highly useful for trading purposes in the National Convention. This was long the fashion under the Cameron dynasty, as later under Quay; and the Penrose machine is a good imitator. Tradition and precedent are of great power in politics, and two obstacles of that sort confront Mr. Knox's ambition. First, there is the rule, now amounting almost to a superstition, that no man can hope to go from the Senate to the White House. Garfield was elected President after he had been chosen Senator from Ohio, but he had never sat in the Senate. Is Knox to succeed where Clay and Webster and Blaine and Sherman failed? Still more formidable is the difficulty of a purely modern sort. Senator Knox has had a long career as a corporation lawyer; and his candidacy would be exposed to the troublesome question which President Roosevelt put in the case of Mr. Root. It was, in effect: "I think most highly of his abilities, and feel that he is admirably fitted to be President; but do you really think a corporation lawyer could be elected?"

It appears that Secretary Root is to extend to French chambers of commerce, in addition to German, the right to have their certification of the value of exports to this country accepted, *prima facie*, by our appraisers. This is coolly announced, as if it were not a betrayal of one of the very citadels of protection. The Department of State talks lightly about the "antiquated methods" of our customs officials in taking for granted that every importer is a perjurer; but if a system is to be given up simply because it is obsolete or barbarous, what safety would there be for our most venerable protective practices? The idea of taking a foreigner's word on any subject is repellent to every patriotic American mind, but to believe him when he swears to the cost of the goods which he wants to sell us, and which we want to buy, is enough to bring Dingley from his grave, and cause the Protective Tariff League to tear out its hair by handfuls. It is heartlessly stated, in Secretary Root's behalf, that any manufacturers in this country who question the validity of his order making it easier to import honestly, may take the matter into the courts. Any such legal recourse, it is added, "will occasion no annoyance to the Administration." A Republican Administration not annoyed by a suit showing that it had been faithless to protection! *Wanken auch die Berge?*

The proposed absorption of the Boston and Maine Railroad into the New York, New Haven and Hartford system, as set forth by President Mellen in his letter to Gov. Guild of Massachusetts, is interesting for several reasons. For one thing, the scrupulously careful explanation of the plan by the New Haven's president, his repudiation of any purpose of stock inflation, and his pledge of better service by the line to be acquired, contrast very favorably with the course pursued in other and recent railway "deals." No less admirable, as a model for public bodies to follow in their dealing with such matters, is the course which the Governor advises the Massachusetts Legislature to pursue—to see that Mr. Mellen's offers are "crystallized into law" before the merger is authorized, because "this promise is contingent on the life and health of a single man, or at best of an existing board of directors." If the Legislature is to give its assent, the advantage of such a policy, in comparison with the unfortunately far more familiar legislative policy of "letting a deal go through" unrestrained, and then attacking the financial arrangements when they have already passed into fact, ought to be manifest. From the point of view of traffic facilities, little question is likely to arise as to the advantage of the proposed combination. The Boston and Maine has never attained the standing of an up-to-date railway; its stations, equipment, and train service are of a sort which belongs to a past generation. It is also rather conspicuously true that the two railways are, from their geographical situation, connecting, and not competing systems. The one serves the district north of Boston, as the other serves the district south of it. That the financial aspects of Mr. Mellen's plan should be considerated with jealous scrutiny is, however, natural and proper. The memory of the spectacular and ill-fated "absorption" of Boston and Maine and intermediate lines by the Philadelphia and Reading in 1892, has not yet entirely faded away; the example set by certain railway mergers outside of New England is even more fresh in the public mind, and the existing situation in the money markets is not such as to command approval of a policy involving wholesale outpour of new securities. All this explains why Mr. Mellen so carefully sets forth that no "stock-watering" is involved, and that the plan proposed involves merely exchange of new stock of the New Haven, share for share, for such old Boston and Maine stock as is to be acquired.

Last week the Bureau of Agriculture gave out its estimate of the cotton crop; Monday of this week it gave out its monthly estimate on grain. The cotton estimate of 70½ was more favorable than that of private experts, but was, nevertheless, the lowest June forecast in a generation. It attracted less serious attention, however, because, with the season late and cotton hardly planted, no accurate "condition" estimate was possible by any one. With wheat, the case was different. The April estimate of 89.9 per cent. on the winter-sown crop was not unfavorable; in May, however, it was cut down to 82.9, and an unusually large acreage was shown to have been abandoned. The report of Monday allotted this same crop a condition of 77.4. Spring-sown wheat, for which the Government made its first estimate on Monday, showed up better in one respect and worse in another. The condition was 88¾; but the acreage planted to spring wheat, like that of winter wheat, had decreased on account of the bad weather something like a million and a half acres. The probable total wheat harvest, on the basis of these June returns, is 100,000,000 bushels below the great harvest of last year, and considerably less, with two exceptions, than in any year since the "agricultural—boom" began in 1898. Those exceptions, 1900 and 1904, are known as "short-crop years"; the troubles of the grain fields excited much financial uneasiness at the time. Yet it is rather an interesting fact that each of those two shortages was followed by a prosperous year in trade. This event, of course, occurred in spite of the crop results, and not because of them. But the fact that thus far in the season the outlook is for no greater damage to the crops than occurred in the years in question ought to allay uneasiness. Meantime, very much depends on the weather between now and harvest.

It is evidently the purpose of the defence in the Haywood trial to weaken the force of Harry Orchard's amazing confession implicating the defendant by showing the man to be capable of any infamy. Its logic is that a man who confesses to murder, arson, theft, bigamy,

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treachery to his associates, and other crimes besides, would not stick at perjury if by means of it he could drag down with him others against whom he might bear a grudge. Whether Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone were implicated in the Steunenberg murder is the very question which this trial is being held to answer. The tactics used by Richardson and Darrow to discredit the witness may be wise from the standpoint of the criminal lawyer. But the revelations of Orchard's incredible baseness are made side by side with disclosures regarding his close relations to the inner circle of the Western Federation of Miners. Unionists generally have insisted on treating the defendants in these Idaho prosecutions as martyrs for the cause of Labor. What their organization represented and countenanced is of wider real importance than the verdict upon a single murder. The sympathy which Sherman Bell's acts and speeches won for the miners' side in 1904 has been quickly offset by the testimony at Boisé, even if it accomplishes nothing more.

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"Individualism," says M. Paul Gaultier in the *Revue Bleue*, "is passing *un mauvais quart d'heure*." The anti-individualistic theories have been reinforced by the biologist. The Darwinian theory, to be sure, with its ideas of the struggle for life and survival of the fittest, implies the paramount importance of the individual. Yet contemporary evolutionists are exalting "the group" at the expense of its members. But this theory is vigorously attacked by M. Gaultier. He denies that there is an analogy between societies and living organisms. Society is not like a plant or an animal, with distinct and centrally directed functions. A cell cannot pass from one organism to another, nor belong to a plurality of organisms. Yet members of one social group can be transferred freely to another. Churches, civil societies or families, can lose some of their members; and the latter, while ceasing to be members, may still survive. Such freedom and independence are foreign to physiological conceptions. And, in general, the theory is prejudicial to liberty. In the church, it breeds intolerance and suppresses free inquiry and independent thought. In the state, it neglects the interests of the individual and subjects him to civil and party tyranny. Indeed, the motive which leads men to become Socialists defeats the end which they have in view. Men do not become Socialists primarily—in spite of what they may say—for altruistic, but for egoistic reasons. Like Nietzsche, that individualist *par excellence*, the Socialist has in view the unfolding and assertion of self. In the words of M. Palante: "The root of Socialism is individualism, the protest of the individual against existing economic tyrannies, the desire to give freer course to the economic egoism of each man." But with its anti-individualistic conception of society, Socialism ends by destroying the liberty which it set out to achieve.

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Madame Nordica's proposal to found an American Bayreuth on the Hudson gives evidence of this country's extraordinary musical development. Such a project could not have been considered even ten years ago; but now that New York seems willing to support two grand opera companies, Madame Nordica's ambitious plan may be feasible, particularly if it is combined with a great music school, as is suggested. It is questionable, however, whether New York has not already music schools enough; if this part of the plan has really been decided on, it ought to be at least asked whether there could not be coöperation with one of the existing institutions. Such a musical Walhalla as Madame Nordica proposes would, of course, have to depend upon tourist travel from all parts of the country, but as New York is becoming more and more of a summer resort, this would be but another attraction, and might give a good many people from North, East, West, and South the opportunity to hear opera, which they now lack by reason of their inability to reach the city during the winter months. Munich has found its summer music festivals of great value to the city financially and artistically, while in no wise injuring Bayreuth; and this city might have a similar experience.

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Before the Phi Beta Kappa at Cornell, President Eliot discussed the difficult subject of "Academic Freedom." He himself has always been president in fact as well as in name; but he defends vigorously the rights of the college teacher against intrusions on the part of those in higher authority. Of special interest are his remarks on the interference by "barbarous boards" of trustees, who "exercise an arbitrary power of dismissal." He thinks that instructors should hold office without express limitation of time, and should be removed only for incompetence or misconduct. At certain universities the authority of the president over the professors has been enlarged, and in at least one institution he has the power of removal. President Eliot thinks that this control should never be exercised; and in this opinion all college teachers will concur. It is, of course, highly important that there should be no dead wood in a college faculty; and, theoretically, the president as an impartial judge might be held responsible for the efficiency of the teaching staff. But experience has proved that personal feelings may impair the president's judgment; while defects of temper and manner may lead an otherwise excellent professor to incur the enmity of his chief. The capital of a scientific man is, in part, his academic reputation, and it should be guarded and not left to the precarious judgment of one man.

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The Hartford *Courant*, though controlled by a member of one of the Yale societies, has ventured to raise its voice against the sacred institution known at New Haven as "tap day." Formerly, the students elected to senior societies were informed privately; but now the custom of "tapping" the successful young men in public is said by the *Courant* to be a "cruel and spectacular sport." Even in so democratic a university as Yale, distinctions created by the existence of fraternities are inevitable. If a student's election to any one of the senior societies depended on his scholarship, athletic prowess, or both, there could be no trouble or envy. When, however, membership is merely a social distinction, to make "tapping" a public ceremony is invidious. The wonder is that there should always be so large an attendance of undergraduates to witness the triumph of the few and the discomfiture of the many.

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From a responsible source we have a list of subjects actually assigned to school children of this city, between twelve and fourteen years, upon which they are to write "essays" or get up "debates." Among them are the following: "The Influence of the United States Upon the World's Diplomacy," "Daniel Webster's Speeches," "The Constitution of the United States," "Resolved, That any infringement upon the dual interpretation of the Constitution of the United States should be regarded as a menace to the stability of democratic institutions," "State Rights," "Something against National and State Sovereignty," "American Coinage," "Trade in the East during the Fifteenth Century," "Liquid Air," "Educational progress in the United States from the Civil War up to the present time," "Economic development of the United States from the Civil War up to the present time," "Early Roman Law," and "Was Brutus justified in killing Cæsar?" It is difficult to believe that mere stupidity accounts for "educational" practices of this kind. Nor is it easy to accept the defence of certain teachers that they know the topics are beyond the grasp of their pupils, but that the children are morally, and to some extent intellectually, benefited by the effort to get from books some knowledge about them. The child who is conscientious enough to go to a library and try to puzzle out these subjects will come presently to hate the sight of all books. Moreover, the only way in which chil-

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dren are able to use books in "preparing" for debates or essays upon such themes is likely to lead to demoralizing habits. To force a child to make such use of books is too apt to result in shameless and habitual plagiarizing.

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A sign of the scientific awakening at the English universities is the recent establishment at Cambridge of a diploma in anthropology. This is offered to advanced students who have been under the Board of Anthropological Studies and have presented a thesis. Considering the extent of the British Empire, the home universities, with the exception of the University of London, have been singularly inactive in this department of scientific research. The leading English anthropologists, Darwin, Huxley, and Tylor, did their work without encouragement from Oxford and Cambridge. Ethnic psychology, to which Germany since the time of Kant has made so many important contributions, is neglected in England, unless one may regard as scientific contributions the reports brought back by travellers and hunters. And yet a very useful source of knowledge concerning the race in the past is to be found in the study of inferior types in the present.

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It is plain from Campbell-Bannerman's recent speech that the Liberal Government means business in trying to reform the House of Lords. The Premier will make a statement on the subject in the Commons next week, or the week after. Sir Henry spoke with much feeling of the way in which the Ministry's programme, especially in educational matters, had been broken down by the Lords, and truly said that it was in their power, under present conditions, to make of any Liberal Government merely a shadow. Referring to the frustrated hopes of his party, the Prime Minister said: "We over-estimated our powers." Whether they are not doing it now is the unpleasant question which suggests itself. If the Lords can throw out any bill, except one carrying money, they certainly can throw out any bill to end their right to throw out bills. So it looks very much as if the Liberals would go up against a stone wall. Still, as many Conservatives, even among the peers, are in favor of reconstituting the upper chamber, it is possible that a moderate measure of reform will be at least discussed on its merits.

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The recent mutiny of the fourth squadron of the Russian Hussars of the Guard at Tsarskoe Selo may, as alleged, be due solely to too strict discipline—but it may very well be due to other causes. The Russian troops were not in the habit of rising against their officers prior to the war with Japan, but were accustomed to endure hardships and ill-treatment without grumbling. That the revolutionary propagandists are making headway in the army cannot be doubted. Recently the Government has had some success in arresting a few comparatively unimportant agents of the society which is devoting itself to proselyting in the army, but if the latest advices received by the Berlin press are correct, the real leaders are still at liberty, and the full extent of these activities has not been as yet revealed. The society dates back to 1905. After the armed revolt in Moscow, the labor party's leaders determined to win over the troops, if this were *in any way possible, and they quickly* brought about risings in the Moscow garrison. The revolts in Sevastopol, Sveaborg, and Cronstadt are all attributed to the same source. After their failure, the society went about its task even more systematically. Besides publishing documents and pamphlets without end, it maintained three newspapers, the *Soldier*, the *Soldier's Messenger*, and *The Barracks*. So extensive was the circulation of these journals that the police were finally stung into action, and succeeded in discovering in St. Petersburg and elsewhere a number of secret printing shops in which the papers were prepared. Some of these have been raided; but the chief workers invariably escaped.

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The Russian Government is making strenuous efforts to turn the tide of emigration away from America to Eastern Siberia, particularly the Amur region. A German journalist who recently came west by the Siberian railway noticed every day from three to five emigrant trains making their way east, each train consisting of twenty cars—mere cattle-cars, the passengers being obliged to sit on their own bundles. The Government gives them passage for one-fourth of the price of a third-class ticket. Moreover, each family receives a present of 50 rubles, and the loan of 200 rubles more, to be repaid within ten years, while land for the colonists is free. It is usually chosen in places where agriculture can be supplemented by fishing. This is obviously meant to make head against the Japanese, who were accorded certain fishing rights by the treaty of Portsmouth, not only along the Siberian coast, but on the Amur and other rivers. At present the number of Japanese is not large, either in the country or in Vladivostok. That city, however, is overrun with Koreans and Chinese.

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It is a trifle startling to read that France has tendered her good offices to help the United States and Japan in composing their differences. It seems, however, that the offer relates chiefly to an understanding with Japan about affairs in the Far East. This would make it a natural step consequent upon the recent agreement, on that subject, reached by France and Japan. Its terms have not yet been published, but the semi-official explanations have made it evident that the aim is for the two Powers to exchange satisfactory guarantees respecting their interests in the Orient. There would be involved, undoubtedly, the preservation of the existing *status*, and probably the maintenance of the open door in China. A similar agreement with Russia is also being striven for by the industrious Japanese diplomats. With its attainment, following the understanding with France and the treaty with England, the outlook for permanent peace in the East would be very good. Germany might not come into the group of agreeing Powers, but she surely would have no desire or motive to antagonize them. As for the United States, we cannot see that anything further could be expected from us. Alliances this country does not make, nor even a written *entente* with any one nation; and our policy in the Orient, as defined by Secretary Hay and maintained by Mr. Root, is wholly in favor of peaceful development. We want not a foot of Eastern territory; indeed, *sub rosa*, we should be mightily pleased to get rid of what we have. A fair field and no favors in trade is our principle abroad, whatever it may be at home.

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A letter from Daniel Crosby Greene to the *North China Herald* gives details concerning education at the Japanese schools and universities. The liberality of the Japanese universities is shown at Tokio, where a course of lectures arranged by a Buddhist is given by a Roman Catholic, on the history of Christian doctrine. The spread of information among the humbler classes is very remarkable. Mr. Greene says: "While travelling in the mountains near Kioto, during Mr. Bryan's first candidature for the Presidency of the United States, I overheard my kago bearer talking about the probable effect upon Japan's finances if McKinley should succeed in defeating Bryan." Indeed, a career in diplomacy, the army, and in the learned world is open even to the common people of Japan. "In the nine years ending with 1904, out of fifty-three who successfully passed the examination for entrance to the diplomatic corps of Japan, three were nobles, nineteen were Samurai, and thirty-one were *heimin*" (common people). Fully one-half of the army officers are of the latter class; and out of twelve students who took their degrees at the Imperial University *summa cum laude*, three years ago, seven were *heimin*. Nor is the higher education of women neglected in Japan. She boasts of a "Women's University" with more than a thousand students.

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### *THE PRESIDENT'S PROGRAMME.*

Monday being one of Mr. Roosevelt's days of relaxation, with the lassitude of the summer vacation already upon him, he made only two long speeches and held but one naval review. We can imagine him saying, with Hotspur, "Fie upon this quiet life." Yet his countrymen cannot be quiet, or idle, if they are to gird up their loins for all the tasks he bids them rise and undertake. These latest addresses of the President's deepen the sense of wonder at the intricate and extended programme which he is laying out for himself. Ordinary statesmen are content to gain a painful inch at a time, but Mr. Roosevelt outlines legislation which would convulse the country and occupy Congress for years, yet does it with the easy confidence of a man who has only to speak and the thing is done. This whole attitude of his fairly challenges discussion of what his plans and hopes really are.

It is evident, to start with, that even he, in his most sanguine moments, cannot expect that any large part of his vast schemes will be carried out during his present term of office. Congress does not meet till December. Its "long session" will be almost certainly paralyzed by the timidity about radical legislation which prevails on the eve of a Presidential election. There will remain, for legislative purposes, only the crowded months of the short session, December, 1908—March, 1909. In the latter month, Mr. Roosevelt goes out of office, and what reasonable prospect is there that a tithe of the laws he wants passed will have been so much as debated by Congress? The answer is, none whatever; and nobody knows this better than President Roosevelt himself. All these projects of his are not for to-day, or to-morrow, but for the distant future. This stands out on the surface, and it is also what those deep in the President's confidence will tell you. He keeps on talking of sweeping changes in the laws, not as of work which he has any hope of accomplishing during his year and nine months in the White House, but as matter for *longs espoirs* of the future.

Does he, then, emit these views in the character of a prospective "sage"—a sort of farewell address to the American people? Hardly. We cannot conceive of Mr. Roosevelt meekly submitting to the reproach that there has been glorious fighting, and he was not in it. It is a distant programme he outlines, but it is unquestionably one which he expects to have a hand in shaping. His tone is not that of a man about to retire from the combat; or, if he retires temporarily, it will be only because he means to come back with renewed vigor. Thus his reiteration of ambitious plans for future legislation has a direct bearing on the plans which he entertains for himself. It may imply, as many think, that he intends to block out such arduous labors that the country will despair of getting any other man even to tackle them, and will insist upon his accepting a third term. Or it may indicate a shrewder and more far-sighted ambition. The President may have reflected deeply on the doctrine of chances and of "cycles"; may have convinced himself that a financial setback is certain to come next year, or the year after, and that he would be better off out of the Presidency than in. Then people would say: "The times were always good when Roosevelt was President, and there is nothing for it but to put him in the White House for eight years more."

Which destiny the President may have determined for himself and for the country, we do not profess to know. His friends declare that he is not so stupid as to prefer four years more of dubious success now, to eight years of assured power after 1912. In any event, it is to future contests that Mr. Roosevelt is plainly looking forward. For them he delivers the speeches which have no relation to present-day law-making. Believing that radical doctrines will grow in favor, he is content to startle his conservative party to-day, provided that the voters will be of his way of thinking a few years hence.

Mr. Bryan humorously protested the other day at Albany that he could advance no innovating views without having President Roosevelt presently utter the same opinion, with greater force and eloquence. He will feel like renewing his plaint when he reads the President's Monday speeches. Mr. Roosevelt quietly proposes to abolish the law of contributory negligence, in the case of accidents to workingmen. If Mr. Bryan had urged this—say, in 1896—it would have been called a shameless bid for the labor vote. But, coming from a Republican President, it is, of course, conservative, wise, and economically and legally sound.

These new proposals of the President, not being meant for immediate consumption, scarcely call for discussion now, in all their political and social bearings. Their interest by themselves is not so great as their interest for revealing the working of Mr. Roosevelt's mind and the trend of his ambition.

### *THE THIN-SKINNED CORPORATION.*

"Cartoons and lampoons" are named among the weapons which commuters on the Reading Railroad used in their successful fight for the restoration of the old passenger rates which the company had raised in retaliation for two-cent fare legislation in Pennsylvania. If the embattled suburbanites had prevailed by means of threats that they would use the trolleys, or go and live on the lines of other roads, it would have been intelligible enough. The corporation might have figured out its probable immediate loss through a boycott, and its larger future loss, and then reversed its policy. We can understand how an artificial person could be reached through the pocketbook. But the cartoon is aimed specifically at the vanities and self-satisfactions of persons with feelings to be hurt and toes to be trodden on. The Reading Railroad is not supposed to have feelings or toes. How could satire or ridicule make any impression on it?

Theoretically, a cartoon of a corporation should have just about as much influence on its policies as a caricature of the moon would have on the tides. Like the virulent cartoons on the weather which have been turned out in such numbers lately, it should be regarded as a method of working off superfluous indignation rather than a contribution to any practical end. Yet the part which cartoons played in the agitation against one railroad's commutation rates is acknowledged. We have no doubt the same methods will now be applied to the Pennsylvania, which has announced a similar policy. The Reading is not the only road to feel the sting of the cartoon. Officials of one railway have confessed that nothing hurt them so much as certain parodies on the exploits of an immaculate young woman passenger, used in the advertising of a rival company and twisted into "roasts" on their own line.

The soullessness of the corporation has been axiomatic for generations, yet to-day it is remarkably sensitive. It may have no more moral responsibility or chance of going to heaven than a dog, yet it likes just as the dog does to be patted on the head, and shrinks from the harsh word. In practice, the entirely soulless corporation is "as mythological an entity"—to borrow a phrase from Professor James—as the "economic man" actuated only by enlightened self-interest. The accepted hynothesis has required every one who came in contact with corporations to make violent distinctions between them and their officials and employees. The Western anti-Trust agitator, for instance, had to admit that the Standard Oil was represented in the town by one of his most esteemed neighbors, while some of the best men he knew sold policies of Eastern insurance companies, whose very names would rouse him to fury.

How the human factor enters into the great as well as the petty affairs of the corporation is harder to realize. In an article in the current *Atlantic*, Mr. Hayes Robbins assembles some most interesting facts about "The Personal Factor in the Labor Problem." He dwells on the frequency with which devastating strikes have been averted by personal conference between the represen-

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tatives of employers and employees, and points out how the point of contact between labor and capital has not been eliminated, but merely shifted, the immediate superior, foreman, superintendent, or gang boss representing to the subordinate much that the employer himself did in the days of the small business. One corporation shop may differ from another in atmosphere and methods just as much as one individual's shop did from another a generation ago. Nor is this the only notable example of the personal factor. Regulative commissions of railways or corporations, instead of finding that they have to deal with machines which only force can deflect from their chosen courses, record every year hundreds of instances of the sweet reasonableness which the industrial giants will exhibit when they are approached in the right way.

Souls or no souls, corporations do exhibit the qualities of plain human beings. Some are broad-minded, some pig-headed; some peppery, some complaisant; some hated, some relatively popular. Opper's beaming and rotund "Trusts" are as correct delineations as Davenport's microcephalic monsters with the same label. What Mr. Robbins says of the industrial corporation is not open to denial: "Its policies are made and carried out by *men*, and a man cannot divest himself of himself. If he tries to become an economic abstraction, he succeeds in becoming another and usually much poorer type of man, but still a man for a' that."

## *THE NEW ENGLISH LAND BILL.*

In introducing the other day the Government bill to provide for small holdings of land, Lewis Harcourt made an allusion to that radical land-law reformer, Jesse Collings, now a Tory in good and regular standing. It was he who for years made the hustings echo with his cry: "Three acres and a cow!" Mr. Harcourt described himself as a humble pupil of Mr. Collings, dating back to the early days of the agitation for breaking up unimproved land into allotments—the days when, as the speaker wittily remarked, Mr. Collings "had the honor to be the bogey of the party bench which he now adorns."

Such jesting allusions to the way in which times change, and men and parties with them, do not, however, obscure the capital importance, both social and political, of the measure now before the Commons. Upon it the Ministry have staked their fortunes. It is the one outstanding law which they have marked for passage at this session of Parliament. It will undoubtedly pass the Commons, yet, as the Premier said the other day about the bills which he hoped to enact, "When I say 'pass,' I mean pass this House, for what will happen in the Lords, I am not able to predict." Yet if the bill should be thrown out by the House of Lords, that body would more than ever fall under the opprobrium of deserving to be known as the House of Landlords, and the party advantage of the Liberals would be almost as great as if the bill had been accepted by the upper chamber. So far, the Conservatives are standing about this land measure very much as, in Dr. Holmes's phrase, a set of pointer dogs would stand about a turtle. They do not know what to make of it, or what to do with it. They say that they agree with the principle of the bill, but are horrified by its details. This is probably the preliminary to a grudging acceptance of it, though Mr. Balfour has, as yet, given no sign. He and Lord Lansdowne have quite openly said that the Lords must not enter into a collision with the Commons except on "grounds favorable to themselves." For that reason they did not reject, though they roundly condemned, the bill to relieve labor unions from legal responsibility. It was a popular measure, and so they did not dare kill it. If the land bill proves as popular as it now promises to be, Balfour will give orders to his obedient peers not to kill that either.

Much of the credit for the initiative in this legislation is due to that active and rising politician, Winston Churchill. He first took up the issue with alert perception of its political significance, and has pressed it with energy and resource. In speeches at Manchester and elsewhere, as by letters and articles, he has shown himself his father's son in striking out for social reform and in assuming the leadership of a forward movement. From Churchill, the impetus passed to the Prime Minister, who also quickly saw the opportunity for recovering party prestige; so that now the bill is backed by the whole power of the Government, and bids fair to be the battle-horse of the remainder of the session of Parliament.

What are the conditions which call for remedial legislation, and what is proposed by the land bill? The grievance is manifold. There is, first, the steady depopulation of some parts of rural England. The land under cultivation is declining in area. Only one-third of the agricultural land in England is devoted to field-crops. In Denmark, the proportion is nearly two-thirds, and the difference may be ascribed, in part at least, to the small holdings of the Danes. Furthermore, the small farmer in England is at a disadvantage in point of fixity of tenure. There is also complaint of bad housing and unfair taxation. Land held simply to gratify the sporting tastes of its owner is assessed but a few shillings the acre, while farm lands, directly adjoining, pay six or eight times as much in taxes. Such an anomaly lends point to the contention that land should be valued, for assessment purposes, apart from the buildings or other improvements upon it. To this principle, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has given his assent.

The bill itself makes but a modest beginning. It provides a way in which the local authorities and county councils may acquire, by either amicable purchase or expropriation, land suitable for small holdings. There are also to be two new Commissioners of Agriculture who, if the local authorities do not act, will have power to proceed in any county in England or Wales to take over land, at an agreed price or under compulsion, and to charge the price to the county councils. Property may also be leased, for small allotments, for a period of not less than fourteen years, with a privilege of renewal. Lands acquired in either way are to be let out in parcels of from five to fifty acres, not exceeding a rental value of $250 a year; and the rent charge is to be so fixed as to pay off the whole of the interest and sinking fund of the moneys expended in purchase or lease of land by the county councils. For the first year, the Treasury is to give the Board of Agriculture a credit of $500,000 for buying lands to be broken up into small holdings.

Whether any large practical results may be expected from this initial measure of land-law reform, opinions violently differ. Jesse Collings declared that the bill did not go nearly far enough, though his Tory colleague, Mr. Long, asserted that it went entirely too far. H. Rider Haggard, better known in another way, has made a minute study of the land question in England, and he stoutly denies that there is any such "land hunger" as Winston Churchill talks about. He, therefore, does not expect the drift to the cities to be checked by a provision for small holdings in the country. But the experiment is bound to be made; and its working out will be followed with deep interest by all students of the intricate social and political questions involved.

## *JAPANESE JINGOES—AND OTHERS.*

"There is yellow journalism in Japan as well as in America." Such was the remark of a member of the Japanese Embassy at Washington, the other day. He might have added that Japan also knows what it is to have Jingoes. Many Americans express surprise at the Tokio dispatches reporting anti-American agitation, with appeals to the Government to uphold the national dignity, and so on; but all this ought to excite no special wonder among us. We are, or ought to be, perfectly familiar with the phenomenon. In all countries, in fact, which have government by party, the thing is well known. The party out of power is forever in tears and rage over the pusillanimity of the party in office,

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when it comes to dealing firmly with foreign nations. If *we* were in charge of the government, no such patriotic humiliation would be undergone. This is an old story. It has been heard in the politics of England and the United States for a hundred years. Its appearance in Japan may thus be taken as a sign of her rapid political development. She is but adding a sensational press and frothing Jingoes to the equipment necessary for one of the progressive nations of the world.

The Progressives in Japan are merely doing what the Republicans in the United States were attempting in the years 1893 to 1896—that is, recklessly attacking the Government for its conduct of foreign affairs, in the hope of discrediting it and working their way into office. Who does not remember the lamentable groans over President Cleveland's course towards Hawaii? Suffering Republicans could not conceal their pain. It was so great that it could be assuaged by nothing but a prospect of officeholding. As this remained, like the prospect of Eton, rather distant, new fury had to be artificially excited over Venezuela and over Spain and Cuba. The heavens were rent by Republican cries about the contemptible weakness of the Cleveland Administration in "fronting" Great Britain. As for the disgrace of our attitude towards Spain, the feelings of our leading Republican statesmen almost choked their utterance—not quite, for they went about articulating brokenly: "Oh, the shame of it! Oh, for one hour of a Republican President, with all the rest of us drawing good salaries!" These noble tactics are being reproduced to the life by Count Okuma and his followers in the Progressive party and the sensational press of Japan.

This is not saying that there is no real friction between Japan and the United States, nor that the situation may not become serious. International clamors artfully and selfishly raised sometimes have evil consequences. They are certain to do so, if persisted in. An example is the present state of the relations of Germany and England. Such an amount of suspicion and inflammatory insinuation has found a place in the press of either country that the efforts made by public men and professors and the better class of journalists have succeeded in allaying only a part of the ill feeling. Our difficulty with Japan is somewhat similar. It is artificially created, but it may become real. Prejudice and partisan motives have been at work on both sides, hampering the efforts of responsible statesmen. The Japanese Ministry must be influenced by the outcry against them; nor does it lie in the mouth of the Administration at Washington to rebuke them for turning tail in the face of popular clamor.

Indeed, President Roosevelt's words about the Japanese question in his annual message, with his subsequent swallowing of them whole, have a good deal to do with the present troubles. This is semi-officially admitted in Washington, though in a perverse sense. We have just learned that the President's "official associates and closest friends" acknowledge that his handling of the Japanese matter last December was ill-judged; but this, because his language about Japan was "too fulsome," and created in that country the mistaken impression that our Government was "timid," and that Japan had only to assume a threatening attitude to force anything out of us she wanted. The facts, however, compel a different interpretation. What the President held out was a promise of generous and just dealing, which has not been fulfilled. This is precisely what the Jingo press of Japan is pointing out, and using with so much craft. It declares that President Roosevelt pledged himself to fair and honorable treatment of the Japanese in this country, even urging their admission to citizenship, but that since then nothing has been done except to demand absolute exclusion of Japanese laborers. Consequently, the Japanese "outs" are asking what sort of Government they have, if it is so weak as not to hold the ruler of the United States to his word. The Japanese may be able to answer the question, but it certainly has its awkwardness for Americans.

We do not regard the tension with Japan as alarming, but it surely should be sobering. We see our own methods turned against us. As the philosophic Mr. Dooley pointed out last Sunday, we have immemorially gone on the assumption that the foreigner existed only to be ridiculed and insulted by us. "That's what they were f'r." But now we have found out, to our disgust, that they have as much sensitiveness and pride as we have, and that they resent our brutality. "Why, be hivens, it won't be long till we'll have to be threatin' th' Chinese dacint!" The prospect is enough to make Mr. Dooley sigh for the good old days "before we become a wurruld power."

## *FRENCH VIEWS OF RELIGION.*

The secularizing movement in France has been accompanied, rather strangely, by a revival of interest in the philosophy of religion. Its beginnings are marked, approximately, by the publication of Guyau's "Irréligion de l'Avenir"; its latest development is a series of essays by Prof. Marcel Hébert, entitled "Le Divin." The anti-clerical party may not be anti-religious, but it cannot be denied that anti-clericalism derives its impetus and effectiveness from an anti-religious undercurrent. As usually happens when the ties are relaxed which have bound men to the church and the historic faith, there has arisen a spirit of free inquiry. In England, when faith in religion is weakened, interest in moral theory is deepened; and the same is true of Germany. But in Catholic nations like France, ethics and some form of religion are held to be inseparable; and negation, as well as reliance on ecclesiastical authority, is apt to give way to a religious philosophy which may be loosely defined as mysticism.

Earlier periods of thought furnish parallels to what may now be witnessed in France. When the Greek schools were disintegrating, and polytheism was disappearing, Neo-Platonic mysticism arose. Mystical philosophy, both within and without the church, succeeded the formal philosophy of the later schoolmen. Agnosticism in England, and rationalism in Germany, produced new activity in ethical theory and ethical culture. And the long array of recent publications in France proves the truth of M. Pillon's saying that, in that country, "Mysticism is *à la mode*."

M. Hébert's book abandons the old method in religious philosophy. Its starting point is a psychological fact, not a metaphysical theory. The natural theologian used to demonstrate, to his own satisfaction at any rate, the being of God and the immortality of the soul; and it was supposed that the religious feeling was provoked by the knowledge of religious truth. But in the religious philosophy of the hour, the psychological question is paramount —What is the religious feeling? With M. Hébert, as with Professor James in his "Varieties of Religious Experience," this feeling has its roots in the subconscious region. When its comes up into consciousness, it is like a vine which attaches itself to proximate objects. On the lowest level, it is concerned with the totem or fetich; on a higher scale it rises to an ethnic deity, or a Creator, personal and omnipotent, or conceives of Nature as the sum total of all existence. But the modern mystic, perplexed by the insoluble problems concerning the divine goodness and finite evil, the divine power and human liberty, rests in the contemplation of infinity, goodness, love, considered as abstractions. Perfection becomes the object of the mystic's contemplation. "It is not," says M. Hébert, "the simple sentiment of the perfect" which is characteristic of the mystic's consciousness; "It is the *obsession* of the perfect; but the obsession bears witness to the existence of the sentiment."

To reduce such a doctrine to a scientific formula is impossible. In proportion as science advances, mysticism recedes, but it has always the unknown, the indefinitely perfect, as the object of contemplation and the source of inspiration. It is easy to see how readily

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such a view of the religious consciousness may accompany a belief in the doctrine of Comte or of Herbert Spencer. Comte, in spite of his Positivism, was really a mystic. Humanity was his name for the perfect abstraction. Advancing science can never detract from the Unknowable, which is the agnostic's deity. If it be asked how this religious feeling is manifested in experience, M. Hébert seeks to show that the contemplation of abstract perfection is not inconsistent with the pursuit of what approaches perfection in the concrete. A relation can be established between the ideally best and that which is best in our experience. The idea of the perfect takes hold upon the real, adapts itself to it, penetrates it. Thus the life of the mystic is active as well as contemplative.

This view of religion, as M. Hébert admits, lies beyond the region of demonstration. It is justified, however, he thinks, by its intrinsic excellence and by its effect on human action. Thus the mystic view of the world becomes one with the "pragmatic." If it be accepted, there can be no religious sects united by a common creed or set of dogmas. There may be a variety of free religious associations, but in them theory will be nothing, practice everything, and the goal of all will be the same. The forms of religion will be as various as the forms of art; for men's ideas of perfection will differ just as will their ideas of beauty, according to time, place, and education. For the last two decades, mysticism of this general description has been set forth with various modifications by more than a score of the most fluent philosophical writers in France and Belgium. In no other countries has the tendency been so prevalent. Its attitude toward the church has usually been irenical and tolerant. But while it may attract a certain thoughtful and sentimental élite, it is not likely, in this rough world, to be potent as an agency for moral reformation.

## RECENT NOVELS BY GERMAN WOMEN.

There has been a great change in the fiction written by German women. In the period when the gilt-edged album for younger or older daughters flourished on the holiday market, the pages of the magazines were flooded with mildly innocuous stories of anæmic heroines, who fainted in proof of their womanliness, drifted into consumption when their heart was broken by unrequited love, or found him who, in the words of the song by Schumann, was "der Herrlichste von Allen," and lived happily ever after. But no sooner had the Scandinavian wizard given German women a glimpse of his "Doll's House," than the progeny of unfortunate little Nora appeared in German fiction, and, reinforced by the *Tendenz* of "The Heavenly Twins" and "Discords" and "Keynotes," produced a variety of complicated characters entangled in difficult situations.

The disposition of the fiction produced by German women to-day is as widely different from the stories which even twenty-five years ago delighted the *Lesekränzchen* throughout the empire and drifted to America through Mrs. Wister's translations, as from the books which were thrown upon the market by the publishers of an advanced woman's magazine a few years ago and stirred up heated controversy in the German press. There is nothing narrowly bourgeois about it, as Gertrude Atherton uses that word, nor is it burdened with a revolutionary message. It may touch upon problems of modern life or throw the light of modern reading of life upon past periods of history, but it is primarily conceived with an artistic, not an ethical, purpose.

Ricarda Huch, who, by her critical study of German romanticism, her lyrics, and her novels, has been unanimously accorded a place among the best contemporaneous writers of Germany, regardless of sex, stands aloof from the *Tendenzliteratur* of the time with aristocratic reserve. Her stories have always dealt with people whose inheritance has bound them to the traditions and conventions of the past, and even when her scions of old patrician families trespassed against the code of conduct laid down by their fathers' fathers, there was nothing in her treatment of the resulting conflict to indicate a critical attitude toward society. This objective view entirely dominates her latest work, the first of a trilogy of novels of the era of Garibaldi. While in her former books the warm and animated style established a certain intimacy between author and reader, there is no such personal appeal in "Die Verteidigung Roms" (Deutsche Verlagsanstalt, Stuttgart). The style is dry and cold, and suggests a purely historical record, rather than a sympathetic and artistic reconstruction of a page of history.

Those critics notwithstanding, who would limit her power to one class of stories, and the scene thereof to one little spot on German soil, the work of Clara Viebig is remarkable for a uniform excellence which commands respect. Whether she describes village life in the Eifel range or the Rhenish gayety of Old Düsseldorf; the sordid, common-place tragedy of a servant girl in Berlin, or the vicissitudes of the German *Gutsbesitzer* in the province of Posen, where the atmosphere is charged with racial and religious antagonisms, Frau Viebig always tells her story directly and and effectively, her construction is admirable, and her characters are almost without exception alive. Even when she treats unpleasant problems, she does not lose her hold on the sympathy of her readers, because her vision is normal and her tone wholesome. One of her recent novels, "Einer Mutter Sohn," tells the story of a childless woman adopting and transplanting into her refined Berlin home the baby boy of poor peasants. There are three powerful dramatic moments in this book: the first is the parting of the mother from her child, when, after having received the sum for which she relinquished all her parental claims, the maternal instinct wells up in a wave of savage passion and culminates in an act of violence. The second is the scene when the boy, whose racial instinct resents the careful home-breeding and school training which are to prepare him for cultured society, learns his descent and confronts his foster-parents with the brusque question: "Where is my mother?" Then there is that final chapter, when the youth, whose peasant vitality, instead of finding a natural outlet in a life in the open, has been exhausted in the pursuit of metropolitan pleasures, forces upon the woman who has given him the unspent maternal affection of a whole life, the painful knowledge that she has made an irreparable mistake. From the psychological standpoint, this book is Frau Viebig's greatest achievement.

Although widely different in theme, her latest novel, "Absolvo Te" (like all her works published by Egon Fleischel & Co. of Berlin), also bears upon the question of unwarrantable interference. The handsome and refined daughter of a schoolmaster, who from cultured Germany has drifted into a rural community in Posen, is, when a mere child, forced by her widowed mother into marrying a wealthy old farmer. In her adolescence she had dreamed of a celestial bridegroom, and she never forgives her mother for brutally arousing her from that dream to a repulsive reality. The mother dies after a brief enjoyment of their material prosperity, but the daughter cannot overcome her disgust of the husband forced upon her. Even the little girl to whom she gives birth does not soften her heart. The attentions bestowed upon her by the masculine population of the small community turn her head. While in her daughter the semi-religious idiosyncrasies of her own youth reappear and develop into hysteria, the mother eventually becomes the prey of a criminal desire to precipitate the old man's death. The sordid story is only occasionally relieved by touches of grim humor.

It seems a pity that Frieda von Bülow, who, some years ago, started the colonial fiction of Germany, should have abandoned a field in which she had no competitors. "Tropenkoller," the title of her first book, was a word coined by her for the change wrought in men, who, from a spirit of adventure or business enterprise, had migrated to Africa, and had developed an unscrupulous, brutal bravado, which, in that climate, seems to take hold of the cool-headed North-Germans with the power of a madness. The story started the ball rolling, but none of her successors presented the problems of German colonial life in the tropics with the same vitality. Orla Holm's "Pionere" (F. Fontane & Co., Berlin) is but a faint attempt in the same direction. The book makes little call upon the imagination. It reads like an unpretentious translation of a page from real life, the sole charm whereof is its simple pathos. Since Gustav Frenssen has picked up the thread which Frieda von Bülow dropped, and in "Peter Moors Fahrt nach Südwest" has told the story of German colonial Africa from the standpoint of the soldier, it will be difficult for any new author to treat that subject.

A writer of distinct individuality is Frau Helene Pollidahl, who, under the pseudonym of Hermann Dahl, is producing intensely interesting studies of temperament. In her first book, "Der Göttliche," she limned the

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religious type; in her last, "Harald Atterdal," the artistic. The scene of both is Scandinavia, the atmosphere of which seems to lend itself to the high emotional pitch maintained throughout this account of her hero's relations with women. The character of Harald is an unflattered portrayal of a type of decadent peculiar to our time. The author herself indulges too much in that very analysis of the feelings which proves destructive to genuine sentiment. The women, especially, seem unreal in the complexity of their emotions, and only the mother of the hero stands forth as a living type of simple devotion and loving faith. The story is written in the nervous style which has grown to be the regular vehicle for the psychological problem novel of the modern Germans.

A life of humble toil and hopeless poverty is pictured in the book of a powerful new writer, Charlotte Knöckel. The scene of her "Kinder der Gasse" (S. Fischer, Berlin) is a manufacturing town, and the plot deals with the sordid features of tenement and factory life in their bearing upon the development of children. The progress which German fiction has made within the last ten years is best seen in a comparison of this book with the slum stories of the nineties. The author is more concerned with the inner life of her people than with their struggle for bare existence, and presents her case in a simple, direct, and forceful style, as remote from maudlin melodrama as from partisan proselytism.

Countess Uxkull is one of the writers who have outgrown the period when they used the novel as vehicle for ideas on social reforms. She has left the world of to-day with all its vital questions for a world of her own poetical creation. Her volume of short stories, "Ins Leben zurück" (F. Fontane & Co., Berlin), is full of mature philosophy, and has the perspective of the true artist. In "Euphorion" she presents the old struggle between the Hellenic and the Christian ideal of life in a tale of almost classical beauty. In "Jenseits der Mauern" she treats the problem of self-conquest in a picturesque Renaissance setting. There is a strong dramatic element in the three stories which are told in language of rare beauty and finish.

Lulu von Strauss-Torney has gone back to the past in her two latest books, the short stories "Der Hof am Brink" and "Das Meerminnecke," and her novel, "Lucifer" (Egon Fleischel & Co., Berlin). A German village in the Thirty Years' War is the scene of the first story; German peasants and Swedish soldiers are the actors. "Das Meerminnecke" is laid in a town of Holland during the first tumultuous struggles between the old and the new faith. Pale-faced, black-eyed, and red-haired—a combination of colors which is in itself an offence against the proprieties of a mediæval village—the pitiable survivor of a Spanish wreck makes her entrance in a hamper carried by two stout fishmongers. She has barely escaped the persecution of her race at home to be hounded by the superstition of a Dutch mob. Yet the pathos of this story is not unrelieved by humor, and some of the scenes are delightful, especially those in the convent whither the chaplain has hurried the unfortunate stranger. "Lucifer" is a more ambitious attempt at historical fiction, and deals also with religious struggles, the hero having been forced by his mother to take holy orders and even during his novitiate trespassing against his vows and harassing the pious fathers by his doubts. The consistency with which the author evolves this character is admirable.

A. VON ENDE.

## NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Anderson Auction Company has sales five days next week. That of June 17 and 18 includes Lieut. James Moody's "Narrative of his Exertions and Sufferings in the Cause of Government since the year 1776," 1783, a very scarce book by a New Jersey Tory; various first editions of Thackeray, Thoreau, Tennyson, and others; Dinsmoor's "Incidental Poems," 1828, in the original boards, uncut, and having laid in an unpublished manuscript poem; Tyler's "Contrast," 1790, having the frontispiece by Maverick, but lacking one leaf at the end: several of Valentine's Manuals; some good autographs, including a three-page A. L. S. from Gladstone, in which he says: "My favorite axe is an American, with an American handle, split half-way down and secured by being tightly bound with wax string. This singular condition gives it a remarkable elasticity, but if the string were removed the handle would go to splinters at the first stroke."

Part seven of the Kopetschney collection will be sold June 19 and 20 by the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company. Works on Art, Bibliography, Biography, History, Dramatic Literature, Natural History, etc., together with numerous French, Italian, and German books, make up this portion.

On July 1, Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge will sell the small but very choice collection of Stuart M. Samuel, M. P. There are 199 lots only in the catalogue, but among them are some choice "association" items. Mr. Samuel has, perhaps, been best known as the owner of the Crampon copy of Browning's "Pauline," which has an interesting inscription on the fly-leaf, and which sold for £145 in the Crampon sale in June, 1896. A set of "Bells and Pomegranates," eight parts, presentation copies to W. J. Fox, one of Browning's earliest friends to recognize his genius, as well as proof-sheets of several numbers of the same, are equally interesting. There are presentation copies of first editions of Browning's books, including "Christmas-Eve and Easter-Day," "Balaustion's Adventure," "Fifine at the Fair," "Red Cotton Night Cap Country," "The Inn Album," and others. The Byron items are few, but important. "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" has a portion of the original manuscript inserted. "Manfred" was Byron's own copy, with an unpublished soliloquy, three pages, in the author's autograph. "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" is the genuine first edition, dated 1865 (the second edition, 1866, is usually described as the first), and has five of the original drawings by John Tenniel, and several proofs of the engravings inserted. "Through the Looking-Glass" also contains five of Tenniel's original drawings. The series of presentation copies of Dickens is the most remarkable offered since the Wright sale in 1899, in fact, some of these were Wright's copies. There are several of Coleridge's books, with manuscript additions and alterations; also presentation copies of "Remorse" and "Aids to Reflection." There are presentation copies of Gibbon's "Roman Empire," first editions, 1776-88; Longfellow's "Evangeline," 1845; Richardson's "Clarissa," 1748; Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," 1864, and "The Window," 1867, and Thackeray's "Virginians," 1858. The last-named, given to Peter Rackham, contains this inscription in Thackeray's autograph:

In the U. States and in the Queens dominions
All people have a right to their opinions
And many don't much relish The Virginians.
Peruse my book, dear R., and if you find it
A little to your taste I hope you'll bind it.

Rackham, however, seems not to have found it to his taste, as it is still in the original cloth.

The death, on May 16, of Edward Grose Hodge, for many years the head of the great English book-auction house, has been noted in the English papers. He was in his eighty-second year, and the active management of the business had been for some years in the hands of his son, Thomas Hodge. There has been, we believe, no Sotheby or Wilkinson in the firm for many years.

# Correspondence.

## REJECTION OF THE IRISH BILL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Letters from Irish and English members of Parliament, and from several acute observers in Dublin, added to my own experiences of many years, have placed me in possession of a complete narrative of the reasons and manœuvres resulting in that summary rejection of the Administration Reform bill for Ireland, which has astonished people unacquainted with the dishonesty of Irish parliamentarian life under present conditions.

There are two fundamental facts of the Irish situation. These are the clerical monopoly in general and the parliamentarian monopoly of political representation. By the former I mean the privileged position which the Church owes to its century-old arrangement with the British Government, and which assures it, in return for political and police services, its situation of exceptional ease and emolument under the British power. By the second is to be understood the absolute and jealous domination of the parliamentarian machine, which is also a clerical machine, in everything relating to election and representation among the present population of Ireland. From the first nomination of candidates in the local sacristies to the publication of their parliamentary eloquence in the *Freeman's Journal*, there is no stage in the selection or action of an Irish member of Parliament which is not jealously supervised with a view to rendering impossible the growth of any opposition to the parliamentary monopoly.

With these preliminary explanations, let us come at once to Sir Antony MacDonnell, the *fons et origo mali*, the Anglo-Indian under-secretary of pronounced Nationalist convictions, who won especial reputation as a great administrator in India, and

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who, hearing the persistent abuse of "Nominee Castle Boards" from all classes of "Patriots," appears to have believed that Mr. Redmond and the bishops would really like to see a system of representative laymen in place of the wire-pulled institutions in evidence. Instead of a bishop tripping deftly up the Castle backstair to recommend his favorite to the vice-regal government, he should have to address his requests to a popularly elected Council of Irishmen; and, as I have said, the confinding Sir Antony may have imagined that the bishop would like the change. He now knows better.

The beginning of the story opens, accordingly, with Sir Antony MacDonnell's careful preparation of a bill which, while leaving absolutely unchanged the existing powers of the viceroy and the parliamentary party, substituted for the Castle nominees on the eight principal boards of Irish administration, a single council of popular representatives, who, with all the powers of the existing boards, should control the administration of some twenty-five million dollars annually of Irish expenditure. Any misuse of the Government power of supervision could always be met by the undiminished influence of the Irish party in Parliament, exactly as in the past. But the party, far from desiring to protect a rival "talking shop," preferred to destroy it from the first. Thenceforth, the stages of the affair were the following:

(1.) The parliamentarian leaders were vastly embarrassed at the friendly "consultations" with which Sir Antony MacDonnell and Mr. Birrell overwhelmed them, being afraid both to say how much they disliked any increase of popular representation in Ireland, and how much their own existence was bound up with the maintenance of the existing monopoly.

(2.) The bishops and priests, in open panic at the threatened intrusion of lay inspection into their educational and other preserves, resolved at all costs to break the bill, and pretended to suspect that the parliamentarians were willing accomplices in a black work of anti-clericalism.

(3.) Both bishops and parliamentarians instinctively recognized that it would be highly unsafe to avow that popular representative administration was the bugbear; and, "patriotic indignation at bill not being home rule," was officially declared to be the policy of the alarmed confederates.

(4.) These clerico-parliamentary manœuvres were immensely aided by the Healy-O'Brien vendetta against Messrs. Redmond and Dillon, and by the ultra-patriotic hostility to all parliamentarianism whatever. Both these elements combined to denounce the bill as "not home rule," which of course, it never pretended to be, and to denounce the parliamentary party as "vile traitors for promoting it," which, of course, they never had done.

(5.) The ground being thus smoothed by all the outside parties uniting to denounce the "anti-home rule insult to Ireland," etc., the game of the parliamentarians became beautifully easy. Adroitly slipping into the skin of the most ultra-patriots of all, the convention flung out the bill without discussion—which might have been inconvenient—and thereby rescued the parliamentary monopoly of representation and the clerical monopoly of education from the dangerous reform amid the most exhilarating shouts of "God bless Ireland, our patriotic members, and our noble clergy!"

(6.) As only the advanced Liberals, influenced by Sir Antony MacDonnell and Mr. Birrell, ever cared to understand that the clerico-parliamentary Trust was directly at stake, Mr. Redmond had no difficulty in convincing the Liberal Cabinet that unrepresentative Castle boards are very much better as they stand, and that the parliamentary party fully deserves the continued confidence of his Majesty's Government. To show this confidence, and to bind more closely the Irish farmers to the parliamentary party, the Government has just promised Mr. Redmond a bill for the compulsory restoration of evicted tenants.

Undoubtedly, the note of gayety in this drama of tragi-comic politics is given by the ultra-patriots, who rushed with levelled horns, and bellowing furiously, against the bill in the fond belief that they were opposing the parliamentarians! Home rule is now indefinitely side-tracked, to the boundless joy of the Trust, and the parliamentarian party will proceed to hunt the House of Lords, or any other irrelevant quarry indicated to them by their Liberal leaders. So much for the farce at Westminster. In Ireland, the Trust will also reap the reward of its dexterity in suppressing popular representation, and the unhappy land will continue to be the premier country of clerical graft under the century-old concordat between London and the Vatican.

F. HUGH O'DONNELL.

New York, June 6.

## MASOLINO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If Philip J. Gentner's theory of the chronology of Masolino, published in the *Nation* of May 2, be correct, it will help to clear up a very difficult and obscure problem. For on the accepted chronology it was too easy to argue that Masaccio must have participated largely in the frescoes in S. Clemente at Rome. They could not be entirely by Masolino, as Richter and Berenson (not to mention any earlier authorities) assert, because Masolino could not have so retrogressed from their standard of art. But a master may rise to a level from which a subsequent decline of the same degree is, to quote Mr. Gentner, "impossible." The argument, therefore, for the appearance of Masaccio in work adjudged by experts of unquestioned authority to Masolino—for Cavalcaselle's general position on the question of the relationship of the two artists as against Richter and Berenson—can no longer rest upon a negative plea, upon a reduction to stylistic absurdity, it must adduce positive evidence.

Leaving aside the traditional view, which might throw the *onus probandi* on the other side in this case, whereas in the case of the works in the Carmine at Florence tradition points the other way, we now have the advantage, as I consider it, of discussing the question upon its merits; we are confronted with a problem which depends for its solution upon sheer criticism.

If we admit Masolino at all as working in the S. Clemente series I think that Mr. Gentner's theory is possible. That we must admit this, *pace* Cavalcaselle, seems to me to follow from the general impress of Masolino's style which Masaccio, were he working alone, would hardly continue without greater modification than is exhibited in some of the pictures—in which the modification is present to me, but is manifest in the working out rather than in the compositional scheme. In other words, the customary practice of admitting to the execution of a large design the gifted scholar seems to explain the stylistic characters best. In the Annunciation, for instance, there may be little or nothing of Masaccio. Towards the end of the series, however, as in the Martyrdom of St. Catherine, or the scene where the saint is disputing with the Heathen Doctors, I see the unmistakable power of a bolder, keener draughtsman, inspired by classical art to interpret in the heads a typical dignity and a severe character alien to Masolino, and approaching Arnolfo. Masolino imports from Rome to North Italy (on the accepted chronology) accessory and decorative motives. Masaccio goes straight to the heart of his figurative models and limns their inner being as sheerly as a Hogarth or a Daumier.

A comparison between the Martyrdom and the Herodias scenes at Castiglione d'Olona exhibits an obvious external relationship in the general compositional types between the two artists, but in the special point of landscape we may note that the foreground of the Martyrdom, in its scientific observation might be by Bonnat, in its broad sweep and ideal arrangement might be by Harpignies. No Italian artist, except Masaccio, paints landscape in this fashion. Masolino does not, although he approaches Masaccio. That he could match Masaccio in this respect is possible, but it is very unlikely. We conclude, therefore, considering, of course, other stylistic evidence which is of the same sort, but which I have not space here to develop, that within a Masolino series of compositions a still subordinate yet characteristic phase of Masaccio's art is discernible. This is not to say that it is the earliest phase of the younger and greater master, or that Cavalcaselle and tradition may not be right in giving the whole series to him. It is quite possible that among the panel pictures, some of Masaccio's still earlier art may be found—or that the two artists may be together involved. To me the Madonna in the lap of St. Anne, in the Academy at Florence, is rather a Massacio than a Masolino.

When it comes to the Carmine at Florence, where the genius of the younger master is mature and emphatic, I must be content to register the mere personal opinion that Cavalcaselle is nearer the truth than Richter and Berenson—that, for instance, between such a masterpiece as the Healing of Tabitha and anything conceivably Masolino's yawns the gulf which divides a compelling art from the merely winning. And I cannot *see* any stylistic difference between the Adam and Eve and the Expulsion. The only material evidence must be technical; and no exhaustive treatment of the problem from the technical point of view is yet available.

I may say also that in these problems the adumbration of the school is often eluci-

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datory of essential differences in the masters. One observes in Masolino certain exoticisms—like those of Giovanni da Milano in the tre-cento—which I think are reflected in some types of the industrial painting of the succeeding generation. This may perhaps be seen in the Visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon, at New Haven. One may distinguish in these exuberant and descriptive panels at times on the one hand the restraining influence of Masaccio, and on the other hand a more eclectic and romantic class of decorative pictures which may well have one source of inspiration in Masolino. Mr. Gentner has promised us to investigate Masolino's extra-Florentine features. It will be a welcome contribution to the study of this all-important period of art.

WILLIAM RANKIN.

Richmond, Mass., June 7.

## COLLEGE TYRANNY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter of Professor Dodd in No. 2182 of the *Nation* leads me to speak of another phase of our higher education that is quite as detrimental to the freedom of teaching and even to liberty of action on the part of college faculties as any to which he calls attention. I refer to the tyranny of presidents. I have reason to believe that the heads of quite too many institutions not only determine its general policy, but also interfere in the work of the departments. If a member of the faculty has the courage to protest against such an unwise and unwarranted assumption of power, woe be to him! Under such a régime it is not worth while to discuss in faculty meeting any measure in which the president is interested; it is merely necessary to get his opinion or to ascertain his wishes, and the matter is settled. It seems to be the case generally that a member of the faculty or even the faculty as a whole has no access to the board of trustees except through the president. He will naturally see to it that they find out only such facts as he does not deem prejudicial to his personal interests. At best, the governing body is likely to hear only the president's interpretation of any communications that may come to them directly or indirectly.

It is reasonable to assume that a body of instructors, let us not say of forty or fifty, but of ten or twelve persons, is in most cases more competent to decide questions of educational policy than the man selected as the head often is. If faculties had a larger voice in choosing who should rule over them, the lot would not so often fall upon the bramble. An instance recently came under my observation where several members of a college faculty were summarily discharged by the president without a reason given or without an opportunity of saying a word in their own behalf. If the testimony of their students is of any value, most of these men were not incompetent—a condition of things the president must have known or could easily have ascertained if he cared to take the trouble. Their crime seems to have been that they were not "loyal." The professor in a denominational institution who attacks the fundamental principles on which it is founded and for the maintenance of which it receives support, should not complain if he is dismissed; but dismissal is usually for quite other reasons. A gentleman was recently in my office who, in the course of our conversation, mentioned an instance where the president of a college not only discharged a member of his faculty without warning, but had rubbed salt into the wound by telling him, the victim, that if he applied for another place he would himself see that he did not get it.

It is altogether probable that the low estate to which honorary degrees have fallen in this country is due to the heads of institutions that have authority to confer them. Notwithstanding the fact that a man whose influence can be got with an honorary degree is not worth considering, the miserable business goes on apace. I venture the assertion that if college faculties had a free and fair vote on the matter, the number would be diminished by two-thirds. As neither the recipient of such a degree nor the giver is benefited, since the whole business has come to be regarded as a farce, it is a wonder, as it is certainly a pity, that these performances do not come to an end. The cause of higher education is belittled, if not besmirched. It is, too, a serious misfortune that our educational standard is too often made by numbers rather than quality. Dr. Arnold's preference of fifty choice young men to six times this number made up of the go-as-you-please class finds little favor in most places. If, then, by hook or crook a president succeeds in getting together a large number of students at the institution over which he presides, he is hailed by his friends as a "decided success," as a "great educator," and so forth. Often the truth is that this very fact indicates a decline rather than a growth. Even the number of graduates sent forth by an institution is not a criterion of its value as an educational force. Those who have sufficient discernment to detect the true condition of affairs and the courage to reveal it are cried down as "kickers" and "croakers," for is not an abundance of tangible evidence at hand to condemn them? It is a curious anomaly that while the tendency of the times is in the direction of a broader democracy, it has not made itself felt to any appreciable extent in our higher education.

CHAS. W. SUPER.

Athens, O., June 7.

# Notes.

Arthur W. à Beckett, who has been master of the revels of Gray's Inn since 1887, is preparing a work on the duties of that office which goes back to Plantagenet times.

The Library of Congress issues three useful Select Lists of Books at the price of ten cents each: "On Reciprocity with Canada," "Relating to Iron and Steel in Commerce," and "Relating to the French Alliance in the American Revolution."

The second volume of "Henslow's Diary," edited by W. W. Greg, is now in the press. But before its appearance Mr. Bullen will publish for the same editor the "Henslow Papers," containing reprints of documents, chiefly preserved at Dulwich, which form a valuable supplement to the "Diary," and add considerably to our knowledge of the Elizabethan stage.

Six new volumes of the World's Classics, published by Henry Frowde, contain "The Works of Burke" (vol. iv.), "Palgrave's Golden Treasury, with Additional Poems," "Carlyle's French Revolution" (2 vols.), "Hazlitt's English Comic Writers," and "The Poetical Works of Goldsmith." A good deal might be said of the Introductions and Notes to some of these volumes. Thus the Goldsmith, edited by Austin Dobson, is a reprint of the Clarendon Press edition of 1887, but extended so as to include the whole of Goldsmith's poetry, and revised so as to bring into the annotations the latest information about the poet.

In a fifth volume, Prof. John Burnet completes his edition of Plato's Works in the Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis—a notable undertaking. The "Spuria" are added at the end of this volume, although it was the editor's original intention to print them separately in a sixth volume. We cannot here criticise the constitution of the text, but we may take the occasion once more to commend the beautiful typography of these convenient books.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have postponed the publication of the following books until autumn: "The Literature of Roguery," by Prof. F. W. Chandler; "The Life and Times of Stephen Higginson," by T. W. Higginson; "The Art of Landscape Gardening," by Humphry Repton; "A Theory of Motives, Ideals, and Values in Education," by William E. Chancellor; "What Method of Education Is Best Suited for Men Entering Upon Trade and Commerce?" by H. S. Person; "Federal Regulation of Railway Rates," by A. N. Merritt; and "Should Ship Subsidies Be Offered by the Government of the United States?" by W. T. Dunmore.

"Il Sacro Romano Impero," a translation of Bryce's "Holy Roman Empire," by Ugo Balzani, comes to us in a second revised edition from the house of Ulrico Hoepli of Milan.

Among the French books just published, or soon to be published, are the following: "Venise au XVIIIe siècle," by Philippe Monnier; "Genséric, la conquête vandale en Afrique et la destruction de l'Empire d'Occident," by F. Martroye, and "L'Allemagne moderne, son évolution," by Professor Lichtenberger of the Sorbonne. A work of great interest is Dr. Paul Triaire's first volume of the "Lettres de Guy Patin, 1630-1672." Dr. Triaire reprints the letters from the MS., correcting many errors and filling out many omissions of the earlier editions. He adds more than 1,600 notes.

The French Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres has awarded two prizes of 2,000 and 1,200 francs respectively. The first went to M. Poupardin for a work on "Le Royaume de Bourgogne"; the second was divided, going to Alfred Grenier for "Les Habitations gauloises et villas latines dans le pays des Médiomatrices" and to *La revue du Pays Messin et de la Lorraine.*

At the fifteenth annual meeting of the American Jewish Historical Society, to be held at Newport July 4 and 5, the following papers will be read: Dr. Cyrus Adler, "An Original Unpublished Document relating to Thomas Tremino de Sobremonte (1638)."

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and "A Contemporary Memorial relating to Damages to Spanish Interests in America done by Jews of Holland (1634)"; Edmund H. Abrahams, "A Few Facts Relative to the Sheftall Family of Georgia"; J. Cassuto, jr., and Dr. Max Grünwald, "An Unpublished Transcript from the Records of the Portuguese Synagogue of Hamburg regarding a Jewish Colony at Serepique (Sergipe, Brazil?) (1658)"; Hon. N. Darnell Davis and J. Graham Cruickshank, "Notes on Early Jews in the West Indies, particularly in Barbados"; Albert M. Friedenberg, "The Influence of the German Revolutionary Movements of 1848-1849 on the Jews of America"; Dr. Herbert Friedenwald, "Sectarianism in the State Constitutions of the United States"; Rev. P. A. Hilfman, "Some Notes on the History of the Jews of Surinam"; Hon. David E. Heineman, "Notes on Early Jewish Wayfarers in the Northwest"; Prof. J. H. Hollander, "A Note on Jewish Influences in Longfellow's Verse"; León Hühner, "Some Additional Notes on the History of the Jews of Georgia in Colonial Times," "Aaron Lopez, a Merchant Prince of Colonial Rhode Island," and "Some Jewish Associates of John Brown"; Prof. Joseph Jacobs, "The Mediæval Status of the Jew"; Max J. Kohler, "Notes on the History of the Jews in Jamaica," and "The Proposed Extension of the Scope of the Society to embrace General Jewish History"; Samuel Oppenheim, "The First Settlement of the Jews at Newport"; Rosalie S. Phillips, "A Burial Place for the Jewish Nation Forever"; Rev. B. H. Rosengard, "The Historic Consciousness of our Race."

The following facts are gathered from the annual report of the curators of the Bodleian Library for the year 1906: There was added to the library during the year a total of 77,637 items, including volumes and parts of volumes, making the second largest total in the history of the library. Of these, 53,163 were received under the copyright law, 13,465 by gift and exchange, and 11,009 by purchase. From the table of purchases, donations, and exchanges arranged by country, it appears that additions were made as follows: From Germany, 5,948 items; from France, 3,761; from Great Britain, 3,431; from British America, 2,220; from the United States, 1,287; from British Asia, 1,088; from Italy, 1,150. The total income of the library amounted to £9,974. Expenses amounted to £9,291, of which £5,012 was devoted to salaries and wages, £1,980 to purchase of books and manuscripts, £804 to bindings, £430 to printing and stationery, and £296 to light, heat, and water.

The first report of the librarian of State institutions of Iowa is a matter of unusual interest, both to librarians and to specialists in the work of reform. It covers fourteen institutions, including two penitentiaries, two reformatories, a soldiers' home, an orphans' home, a school for the deaf, a college for the blind, an institution for feeble-minded children, four hospitals for the insane, and one for inebriates. In general, the librarian reports, there is very little difference between the requirements of readers in these institutions and of those of the public library:

> While it may be said that nearly all the inmates are abnormal to some extent, yet for the purpose of book-selection only the insane may rank thus. . . . . It is the Iowa idea that the book has a function as a remedial agent, to be used with as much precision as any other remedy. . . . Ultimately, it is hoped that headings naming the types of patients with whom certain books may be effective will be incorporated with the book titles. In this way, for example, a doctor in search of a book to give to a melancholy patient would find under the heading "Melancholia" a number of titles from which he could make a choice.

In a lecture, given at University College, London, last month, Prof. Flinders Petrie gave a report of the excavations of the British School in Egypt and the Egyptian Research Account during 1907. Though there were no epoch-making discoveries to announce, the season has been fruitful in interesting finds. The first month's work was done at Gizeh. Here objects were found of the first, second, and third dynasties, showing that the first occupation of the site goes back further than the fourth dynasty, to which it had hitherto been ascribed. At Assiut, the site of the later months' labor, a large cemetery was discovered, with hundreds of tombs from the sixth to the twelfth dynasty. Among the objects brought to light were imitation offerings for the dead (miniature representations of houses with tanks, as well as boats with masts, oars, and cabins); the head of a fine coffin with gold foil and one shrouded in silver foil; several statuettes of good quality and workmanship (twelfth dynasty). In a later tomb of the nineteenth dynasty was found the first authenticated representation of a camel. Though there is evidence from the earliest times of the existence and use of this animal, no actual example had hitherto been forthcoming.

The French savant, Noël Valois, has discovered in the Imperial library of Vienna a new polemical work dealing with Joan of Arc. It is a short but sharp reply to the work of the famous Paris university Chancellor Gerson, who, after Joan in May, 1429, had liberated Orleans, published a defence of the warlike maiden. This new pamphleteer is evidently a friend of the British side, and sees in Joan only a heretic, and in the devotion paid her only idolatry. The document, however, adds to our knowledge of her extraordinary influence among the people, as with those in authority.

The article of greatest interest to American readers in the *Annales de Géographie* for May is that of Fer. Maurette, on the reports of the Philippine Census. He closes a detailed statement of facts drawn from them by saying that they show what science and civilization demand of us. There should be further researches into the physical geography and geology of the islands, as well as into the hydrography, flora and fauna, which are not yet known scientifically; and the people should be transformed through the development of an active life, which the Spaniards were unable to accomplish. Americans should redeem the promise found "on every page of the census, to make another Japan of this land of the Far East." Prof. A. Demangeon treats of the value of Government documents in the study of certain geographic phenomena. This is suggestively shown by an examination of the reports of the committees of agriculture and commerce of the National Assembly, 1789-91, recently published by the Ministry of Public Instruction. Many interesting facts are given, showing the changes wrought by deforesting, the taking of pastures for cultivation, the improving the means of communication, and the development of manual industries, resulting for a time in the exodus of workmen from the towns into the country. Among the other contents are a review of M. Paul Lemoine's studies in the geology of Madagascar, a topographical and geological account of Haut Poitou, with a map of the eastern part of the province of that name, and some notes upon the relations of the physical conditions of the Barcelonnette valley, in the Maritime Alps, to its inhabitants.

A new edition of Rose's "Life of Napoleon" has just been issued by the Macmillan Co. The book's reputation is well established, and need not be insisted on. The present edition is a reprint containing no additional matter, but the use of a very light paper permits the two volumes to be bound in one.

Charles E. Goodspeed of Boston publishes a beautifully engraved sheet containing "The Gettysburg Address of Abraham Lincoln." It is well worthy of framing.

The Rev. Percy Dearmer's "Parson's Handbook" of explicit directions as to proper Anglican use in all matters connected with the management of churches and the conduct of services has been rewritten, considerably enlarged, furnished with several new and interesting illustrations, and issued in a sixth edition (Henry Frowde).

One of the more notable gatherings in Germany of progressive Protestants interested in religious and social movements, is the annual session of the Evangelisch-sozial Kongress. These assemblies, held each year during the Whitsuntide holidays, attract large numbers from university and religious circles, and the platform of the Kongress has furnished the opportunity for not a few noteworthy utterances. Professor Harnack has been a leader in these meetings, and in a book entitled "The Social Gospel" (G. P. Putnam's Sons), one may read in English his addresses on "The Evangelical Social Mission in the Light of the History of the Church" and "The Moral and Social Significance of Modern Education." The former may be noted especially as embodying what is probably the attitude of the majority of German Protestants toward Socialism, and containing a clear exposition of the limitations becoming a religious body in reference to social reform. In the same volume may be found a translation of one of the most valuable of the smaller treatises of the Marburg teacher of doctrinal theology, Wilhelm Herrmann. The paper, which was also a Kongress address, is entitled "The Moral Teachings of Jesus, Their Use and Abuse." It is one of the clearest and most enlightening presentations of the relation of the ethical precepts of Jesus to the moral questions of to-day that have been made in recent years.

In the text of "Paris" (Painted by Mortimer Menpes. The Macmillan Co.) Miss Menpes takes her readers for a trip on the boats of the Seine; leads them along the quays beside the river, pointing out the sights to be seen on the banks; climbs with them up the steep streets to the heights of Montmartre, dividing their attention between

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the churches and the women to be seen by the way; conducts them along the Boulevard, stopping to watch the loitering public and the busy workers in the street, entering the cafés, and dwelling upon the art of dress in which the women excel. The life led in the Latin Quarter, the ambitions and gathering places of the students are sketched by her pen; something is said of the theatres and of excursions outside the city walls. She writes in a somewhat abrupt style; her series of pictures of Paris life have been jotted down in short, terse sentences, which somehow fail to match the grace and humor that float everywhere in the golden, hazy atmosphere of that city. Even the sandwich-man who strikes Miss Menpes as such a melancholy figure, is really a fair representative of gay French philosophy. Whereas in London, the man between the advertising boards drags his weary feet and shows his dreary countenance, trudging silent and stolid along the length of Oxford Street or Picadilly; in Paris, with the stub of a cigarette in his mouth, his restless tongue wagging unceasingly, his eyes rolling gayly, he walks beside his comrade in the narrow thoroughfare, or wanders in Indian file, throwing comments over his shoulders at everything his observant eyes see to amuse him. These things Miss Menpes does not convey. But her book, with its vivid descriptions, is a pleasant contribution. Some slight errors in the French, due probably to a printer's mistake, have crept in. There are twenty-four full-page illustrations in color, by Mr. Menpes, also numerous pen drawings as head-pieces, tail-pieces, etc., through the text.

Ernest Hartley Coleridge has prepared, and Henry Frowde has published, a really beautiful edition of "Christabel" for the Royal Society of Literature. The zest of the book lies in a facsimile reproduction of the manuscript of the poem as copied out by Coleridge for Mrs. Wordsworth's sister, Sarah Hutchinson, in 1800 or 1801. It is almost as if one had the handwriting of the poet before one's eyes. But the volume contains a good deal of matter besides this. The editor, from his minute and loyal knowledge of the subject, has furnished a long Introduction, giving the full history of the poem and conjectures toward its interpretation. And if when done with these guesses at the source of Coleridge's inspiration and with these guesses at its meaning, it seems that "we have been hunting for the end of a rainbow," the poem is still here, more tangible in a way, because looking as if direct from the poet's hand. The text is also given in ordinary print, with elaborate notes, and altogether the book will be a delight for lovers of Coleridge's shy muse. We cannot refrain from adding a few words from the criticism of the poem, in the *Monthly Review* of January, 1817, as quoted by the present editor; nor, we would add, is the reader to-day any less excusable for failing to see and in a way appreciate the point of view of that unfortunate critic than he would be for missing the rare loveliness of the poem itself. Said the Monthly Reviewer:

> This precious production is not finished! It would be truly astonishing that such rude, unfashioned stuff should be tolerated, and still more that it should be praised by men of genius (witness Lord Byron, and some others), were we not convinced that every principle of correct writing, as far as poetry is concerned, has long been *given up*; and that the observance rather than the breach of such rules is considered as an incontrovertible proof of rank stupidity. It is grand, in a word it is sublime, to be lawless; and whoever writes the wildest *nonsense in the quickest and newest manner* is the popular poet of the day.

Those who wish to be informed on the controversy between France and the Vatican cannot do better than read Paul Sabatier's. "Lettre ouverte à S. E. le Cardinal Gibbons à propos de son manfeste sur la séparation des églises et de l'état en France" (Paris: Libraire Fischbacher). It is a response to Cardinal Gibbons's address of last January, which was widely circulated in Europe. M. Sabatier meets specifically and it seems to us convincingly the charges that the Separation Act was inspired by hatred of religion in general, that it ignored the rights of property and the constitution of the Church, and that its effects would be disastrous to the Church in France. Indeed, it seems clear that the Cardinal Archbishop not only misrepresented unwittingly the terms of the Concordat, but also spoke on partial information concerning the Separation Act itself and the attitude of its advocates, ignoring as well the division of opinion as to conformity between the Pope and the majority of the French Bishops. In fact our attitude has been practically that of such French Catholics as the Marquis de Vogüe, Count Haussonville, and the late Ferdinand Brunetière. For persons who approach the subject impartially his pamphlet will be enlightening. In particular it points out trenchantly the distinction between Catholics as members of a faith and Clericals as members of a sinister political organization seeking the aggrandizement of the hierarchy. This elementary but all important distinction is too often forgotten in America, but it is the Clerical *imperium in imperio* that really makes the trouble. The patriot Gambetta truly saw there the "enemy" of the Republic. M. Sabatier does not deal with the real if formal grievance that the Vatican was not consulted in the manner of the Separation. Treaties are frequently denounced, but it is at least either unusual to take such a course without first sounding the other party or to conclude such a one-sided repeal of a contract by breaking off diplomatic relations. On the other hand, the Vatican has subsequently displayed so complete an incapacity for grasping either the moral or practical aspects of the situation created by the Briand Law, that one may fairly assume that preliminary negotiations, which would have put the French Government in a more correct position, would have been merely nugatory. M. Sabatier's little tract is throughout inspired by a protestant love of the Mother Church and by mistrust of the Curia. He hopes for a reform within the Church, and feels that a profound inner crisis is at hand. The hierarchy is, he finds, "in about the same moral situation as the Synagogue a half-century before Christ. It has its sanhedrin, its scribes, its doctors, and its pharisees—an entire band of officials and dependents—who see only the external structure, who adore the letter, and say to themselves that what has sufficed for so many centuries should suffice still." How the reforming Catholics are to make themselves felt short of secession is a question that M. Sabatier does not raise, and indeed it would be too large a matter for this small but meaty pamphlet.

The death is announced from Egypt of Mary de Morgan, daughter of Prof. Augustus de Morgan, the mathematician, and sister of William de Morgan, the novelist. Her fairy tales, "On a Pincushion," "The Necklace of Princess Florimonde," and "The Windfairies," have given wholesome entertainment to many children.

Miss Julia Magruder died on Sunday at Richmond, Va., after a long illness. She was born in Charlottesville, Va., in 1854. She began to write in her early girlhood; her first published story, which appeared in the *Southern Magazine*, was written when she was eighteen, and her first novel, "Across the Chasm," was published in 1885. This novel—a civil war romance—was issued anonymously, and by its frank comment on the faults of the Northern and Southern characters aroused a good deal of discussion. In 1887 appeared two other novels, "At Anchor," and "A Magnificent Plebeian," but her first real success followed the serial publication in the *Century* of the "Princess Sonia." Her last novel, "The Thousandth Woman," was published in 1905.

## GENERAL ALEXANDER'S MEMOIRS.

*Military Memoirs of a Confederate*, a Critical Narrative. By Edward Porter Alexander, Brigadier-General in the Confederate Army and Chief of Artillery, Longstreet's Corps. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4 net.

Gen. Alexander left West Point in 1857, according to Cullum's Register, third in his class, which rank gave him a place in the engineers, the *corps d'élite*. At the secession of Georgia, his State, he hurried to the front, and did good service at the first opportunity. Having been concerned in the development of the flag-system of signalling, he was assigned to that. At Bull Run, catching from his high station the gleam of arms eight miles away toward Sudley Springs, he notified Beauregard that his left was turned and that McDowell's attack must be prepared for. Thenceforth to the end he was in the thick of the war, usually at the side of Longstreet and close at hand to Lee. April 9, 1865, Grant's cordon being then complete, he formed Longstreet's corps in line of battle, with the design of breaking through, thus directing the last hostile demonstration of the Army of Northern Virginia. Seasoned in such a school, he went home a veteran, though, as a portrait of the time attests, he was in face and figure scarcely beyond youth.

His book, of great interest to the general reader, though intended particularly for military students, details the campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia with criticisms of its operations throughout. It takes no note of political or social conditions, and only in the preface touches on the merits of the question in dispute. Here Alexander declares with manly candor that "what we fought for no longer seems so desirable," and that had the South won, "it would now prove only a curse." His recognition of the blessing of the rescued Union

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could not be heartier. We find in the book two general defects, a supply of maps quite too scant for following out the narrative, and a lack of references to authorities. The reader often encounters statements new, perhaps antecedently improbable, for which he would like to have chapter and verse, but foot-notes are few and meagre.

In Alexander's criticisms so famous a leader as Joseph E. Johnston fares badly. The battle of Fair Oaks, May 31, 1862, was "phenomenally mismanaged," and his disabling on the field was fortunate, since it brought Lee to the front. The Atlanta campaign is out of our writer's scheme, but in his brief allusion to it there is no recognition of merit in Johnston's conduct. This judgment, we think, might be challenged. While the disciple of Lee is full of love for his master, he finds as a critic his opportunity, and is always frank. Lee's first campaign, that of the Seven Days, was marked by errors. Alexander does not go so far as Dick Taylor (in war time it was affectation to say Lieut.-Gen. Richard Taylor), who in his "Destruction and Reconstruction" calls this campaign "a series of blunders each one huge," but errors are found which must in part be assigned to the commander-in-chief. How could it be otherwise? War is the most difficult of arts; the great general is not born but made; for Lee the Peninsular Campaign was 'prentice work.

The inaction of Stonewall Jackson during the Seven Days, the critic holds to have been gravely culpable. Longstreet and D. H. Hill, in their writings, do not conceal their dissatisfaction at their colleague's conduct, by which they themselves greatly suffered; and Lee, even after the war, according to trustworthy tradition, felt a rankling resentment at the course of his famous lieutenant. But we think no such plain exposition of the derelictions as that of Alexander has heretofore been made. Jackson's troops were observing Sunday or in camp-meeting when there was pressing need for them on the march and in battle. Moreover, exaggerating the work of his own men in the Valley campaign, and depreciating the service of the corps which had fought at Williamsburg and Fair Oaks, and kept McClellan out of Richmond, he deliberately kept his men out of action, leaving the brunt to be taken by other commands. Jackson's conduct as depicted in this book would seem to justify a court-martial. It was a temporary eclipse, thinks the critic, who, like the world in general, believes Jackson's soldiership, both before and after, to have been uniformly almost matchless.

Looking at the matter of grand strategy, Alexander believes that the Confederacy did not utilize as it might have done the advantage of its interior lines. By a transit of a few days armies could be sent from the Atlantic slope across the mountains into the Mississippi valley and vice versa, thereby making it possible before a great effort to mass troops heavily in the East or West, as occasion might require. This opportunity was not seized until the Chickamauga campaign, when through the capture and destruction of railroads, the advantage had been in great part lost. A better move for Lee in the fall of 1862 than the one into Maryland, would have been the sudden sending of a powerful reinforcement into Tennessee. At that moment Bragg, having evaded Buell, was marching north into Kentucky, where, joined by Kirby Smith, he presently threatened close at hand both Louisville and Cincinnati, then poorly defended. We incline to think that a few divisions, which Lee, during the panic of the North after the August disasters, could have easily spared, transferred to the Western army, might have made possible an invasion of Ohio that would have carried the Confederates to the Lakes, so splitting the North in two. Alexander holds that this use of interior lines would have been preferable to the attempt in Maryland, which failed of ending in a Federal triumph only because McClellan was inadequate to the situation.

Before Gettysburg, Lee neglected again to profit by his interior lines. In May, 1863, Vicksburg, in danger from Grant, was not beyond rescue. Had the Confederates at Chattanooga been at that time reënforced across the mountains from Virginia, and a strong army under Lee's command advanced rapidly upon Cincinnati, Grant might have been drawn away from the threatened fortress; or, if not that, the undefended line of the Ohio might have been crossed with prospect of a great result. Longstreet, who strongly advised this, was then returning from Suffolk with 13,000 veterans, and in two or three days might have made the transit. Unfortunately for the Confederacy, thinks Alexander, this plan was rejected. The one preferred, initiated by a false move, was soon marked by a second error: Lee ordered, or suffered, Stuart to depart with the cavalry, thus leaving his army without eyes and ears until the afternoon of July 2, with no compensating advantage. Coming to the actual battle, our critic spares neither high nor low. The excellent Federal position, the "fish-hook" curving about the heights, making easy the strengthening of endangered spots by interior roads, rendered necessary for Lee a bad formation. Meade might have been manœuvred out of his position and forced to fight at a disadvantage. Lee chose battle then and there, and judged incorrectly in his assault. "The one weak spot of the enemy's line [a point on Cemetery Hill which might have been enfiladed], and the one advantage possessed by ours, were never apprehended." All the corps commanders came short: "Few fields furnish examples of worse tactics." Meade, meanwhile, ably seconded by Hancock, afforded, especially on the second day, "perhaps the best example which the war produced of active supervision and effective handling of a large force on the defensive." With the third day at Gettysburg, the pages become thrilling. Longstreet, reluctant to throw in at Lee's command his last division, imposed upon his young chief-of-artillery, standing among his smoking guns, the responsibility of deciding as to the opportune moment for Pickett's charge. Now began Alexander's part in the chapter of errors. He was at first appalled, but finding Pickett confident, he was so far reassured that, mistaking a lull in the Federal cannonade for proof that it was silenced, he dared to give the word. In the story of the charge and recoil, the interest of the book culminates. Though Meade had fought a brave and skilful battle, it is here made plain that his error was enormous in refraining from pursuit. As one reads here the details of Lee's retreat, the almost agonized cry of Lincoln comes to mind: "The army held them in the hollow of its hand, and all I could do or say could not make it close."

In the Wilderness our critic believes that the disabling of Longstreet while executing his movement on Hancock's flank saved Grant from a Chancellorsville, just as two years before the taking-off of A. S. Johnston at Shiloh saved Grant from ruin,—both of which judgments, were there time, we might dispute. But as to the conduct in general by Lee of his great campaign of 1864, we admit all that his friends claim: it was a masterpiece of soldiership, the application, intrepid, persistent, unerring, of slender means to the beating back of mighty dangers. We believe that Lee grew as a soldier, that he did better in June, 1864, than he had done on the same ground in June, 1862. Longstreet records the opinion that as a defensive leader Lee was without fault; on the offensive he thought him "over-combative." This extreme aggressiveness won for him at Second Manassas and Chancellorsville, but involved him in such catastrophes as Mechanicsville, Malvern Hill, and Gettysburg. In 1864 this excess of fire had become tempered. Each thrust of the ponderous Federal lance met an effective parry, and woe befell his adverversary if by chance an avenue of approach was left open. Since Moltke, writers upon the art of war have insisted upon the necessity of a proper general staff. Like G. F. R. Henderson, probably the most competent foreign critic of our civil war, Alexander, too, attributes such misfortunes as befell the Confederacy in the field largely to poor system and organization, a lack which a suitable general staff might have made good. This view may be accepted. Here probably the Federals were better off, for whom at the start McClellan rendered such a service.

In this book the chiefs of the Army of the Potomac are naturally figures much less distinct than their great adversary, and receive little commendation. McClellan in the field is not praised; whereas Dick Taylor extols highly the change of base to the James, in 1862; and Lee is known to have spoken of him with respect. Meade's good conduct at Gettysburg is, as has been seen, recognized, but also the strange inertia that followed. For Grant words of approval are few and measured. The one operation for which the critic has a hearty utterance is the transference after Cold Harbor of his army to the south side of the James, whereby he gained an excellent point of vantage before Petersburg. Nothing came of it, however, all the opportunities being somehow lost. It is well known, says Alexander, that in those days Grant was "not abstemious." We think a word or two might have well been said about Grant's heavy handicap. A complete stranger in his army, he was embarrassed on every side; he was forced to suffer, for unmilitary reasons, as commanders of his cooperating armies such men as Butler and Sigel; he had always at hand an Administration and Congress whose ardent and patriotic zeal was yet so often sadly without knowledge. This, we think, might have been more fully recognized—and also the iron force of character which through a year of almost unbroken defeat and humiliation wrought out

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a great end—no other than the rescue of the Union, which Gen. Alexander, with all other good Americans, has come in these latter days to esteem so precious.

The Army of Northern Virginia fought a good fight, which has not been better set forth than in this book. At the close Gen. Alexander warms into exultation which we can pardon; with which, indeed, we can sympathize, for it is a record of the achievements of good American heads and hearts. No preceding book by a Southern soldier surpasses this in good temper, wise discrimination, and graphic portrayal. Nor is it likely to be paralleled hereafter; for we have witnessed the passing of Arthur; and of the retinue in whose van once flashed Excalibur, it is only here and there that a good knight survives.

## CURRENT FICTION.

*Mother.* By Maxim Gorky. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

A general public which connects the name of Gorky with squalid realism and moral laxity should read this moving and human story. Hardly elsewhere has Socialism spoken with a voice at once so deep and so gentle. Fallacy though it be, with its virtual denial of the rights of any other labor than that of the hands, it is not an ignoble fallacy. It is not, at all events, a gospel which mainly tempts the ignoble. Among the large company of Russian Socialists whom Gorky portrays, and many of whom are sharply individualized, there is not one who is not made more human by his creed, and by the disinterested activity to which it leads. Above all, this is true of the central figure, the "Mother" whose spirit, once roused, broods over a whole movement, and who finally gives her life for it, triumphantly.

Her life begins with the death of her husband, a drunken savage whom she has married in blind obedience to the mating instinct. The son who is left to her bids fair at first to become a brute like his father, out of sheer inertia. But there are finer elements in his nature which rebel in time. He begins to question as to the meaning of things, falls in with other inquiring minds, reads much, thinks much, and before long is committed to the socialistic propaganda. When the mother discovers the nature of his studies, she is at first greatly terrified, dimly imagining that her son is giving himself to a new and worse form of wickedness. She meets some of his companions and finds them, to her surprise, simple and lovable people. She hears them talk, and by degrees comes to an apprehension of what they are striving for. They begin to count upon her, first for sympathy, and later for active help. The son is imprisoned, and she becomes bold and adroit in distributing the forbidden literature which it has been his task to distribute. She becomes a power among her people. The maternal instinct is always the mainspring of her action, but her sphere of influence is continually enlarging. The story itself moves slowly, or rather it is a series of leisurely episodes, described in great detail, in the life of a particular band of social revolutionists. There are arrests, escapes, conflicts with the police, and always the harangue. But these people are more interesting than their theories or exploits. Full of Slavic fire and ingenuousness, they move in the pure air of martyrdom; and yet they are human, varied in temperament and point of view. There are two or three humorists among them; and the general disposition, if not the general ability, is to see more than one aspect in the face of things. So each in his several way bears witness to the truth as he sees it, for the good of all, and goes his way. As a group, they embody whatever is good and pure, if not whatever is wise, in the revolutionary theory and practice.

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*The Price of Silence.* By M. E. M. Davis. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Is it permissible for the Northern mind to express itself freely, for once, upon this type of Southern story? We confess ourselves thoroughly tired of colonel-worship, and protest against being further called upon to admire the post-bellum fire-eater, with his easy personal morals, and much-flaunted ideals. This is the type which howls loudest about miscegenation, and is largely responsible for the curse of mixed blood which is now upon us.

This is the one American type whose chivalry toward the other sex is most trumpeted, and whose chivalry restricts itself to the members of its own social order. These are the drunkards, gamblers, deadbeats, who, with a few flourishes of external courtesy, a little of the old-school business, are supposed to qualify as heroes of romance. Let us have done with them. The Major Grandchamps of the present tale is not the central figure; but his code, his atmosphere, are the code and atmosphere of the story. It is considered creditable to him that in telling the story of a Northern military outrage, he smashes glasses and spills wine upon the table at a formal dinner, by way of emphasis. His hostess sells her granddaughter to a man whom she knows to be a low rascal. This also is admirable, since it is to save the family "honor." The rascal, being a poor white, the son of a Northern officer, has had no choice but to be a rascal; unfortunately he impresses one as a very rough sketch of a villain. It is hard to preserve respect for the maiden who tolerates him, even for a moment. Of course, he does not actually carry her off; but we should not care much if he did. We suspect that the story is of a sort to be widely read, and to be generally taken, at least in the North, for a true and pleasing picture of Southern types and Southern life. We protest against such acceptance of it, and decline to believe that this colonel-myth is anything but a travesty of the truth.

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*Catherine of Calais.* By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

This story is of much the same quality as the same author's recent "Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square." It is not at all a modern quality—quite frankly, indeed, a reversion to the broader mid-Victorian vein. Here are no problems, no emancipated women, no tribulations of the artistic temperament, no messages to humanity. Here is, if you will, humanity itself, in one or two of its more ingenuous aspects, at least. The action moves in an emollient air of sentiment upon the ingenuously mercenary sphere of British life with which the very best authors have familiarized the world at large. Matters are comfortably adjusted between the simple heroine and the noble hero by the always pleasant if familiar expedient of making the lady an heiress. Catherine, to be sure, is wed because she ought to have been an heiress, and the baronet in question, who really inherits the money, is disposed to make amends according to his lights. He has further discovered that the girl is in love with him, so that his path of magnanimity is extended. The fact that he is an intolerable prig and bore does not lessen her gratitude or worship. Nor, save for one moment (when he treats her sternly for her pains), does she betray uneasiness that he fails to return her romantic feeling. She is, in fact, a silly and meek and dutiful and loving little creature, one of the Amelia Sedleys who do not become extinct in life, whether they are to be found in fiction or not.

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*The Tree of Heaven.* By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

In these trim, carefully upholstered, and perfectly magazinable tales, Mr. Chambers draws less heavily upon the patience of the unfashionable reader than in most of his recent work. The persons, to be sure, belong to the upper-tendom of Mr. Chambers's fancy, and move in that atmosphere of luxury, of scents and silks, jewels, champagne, valets and motor cars, with which this writer has always been so much impressed. But his substance is not merely another rehearsal of the manœuvres of the stupidly stylish as such. His people cannot endure to be low; but their concern here is with the occult; and the series of fanciful tales which ensue are very good of their extravagant kind.

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*The Siamese Cat.* By Henry Milner Rideout. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

This is a book which tempts the reviewer to cast propriety to the winds and call it in cold print a thundering good story. It moves at lightning speed, but its background of Siam, Singapore, and Port Said is such a flashing kaleidoscope that it reduces to ordinary motion the antics of figures projected against it. The story revolves about a cat—a realistically impersonal, inscrutable cat—silver collar, a ruby, and a nice pair of young Americans; with disturbances in the shape of crafty Orientals, pugnacious Occidentals, and international scoundrels. The balance of values between story and setting is kept with an artistic discretion the more to be praised that the Orient offers so strong a temptation to over-production in landscape. Siam, an unexhausted field, must have been a particular snare to the injudicious. Mr. Rideout pictures it in an atmosphere that can be felt, yet the story dashes on unhalting, showing that the author is one of the endowed few who can run and paint at the same time. The excursion to the ruins at Ayuthia carries one into a forgotten past as effectively as if a seal-brown cat were not jumping through the Buddhistic calm. The little romance, too, is agreeably spontaneous. It sits close to the cat and rides skimmingly in perfect companionship.

The book is essentially modern, the law-

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ful offspring of the age—a derivation, but no imitation. In a general way it may be labelled "School of Kipling," so far as geography and customs are concerned; while for story and in sub-classification it is related to sundry of our younger authors, who, by the light of the Cuban war, have developed the journalistic telegram into the novel of adventure. It is interesting to wonder what the classic fathers would have thought of the polyglot of such stories; of the strange foreign words that walk all unsponsored among their mates; of the "charpoy" and the "gharri chit" and the "prachadees" and the "Tum Tum Cart with a Waler." The latter-day reader, however, is a seasoned vessel. And as for *molestam senectutem*, even it must be inelastic and hide-bound not to be swept along by the tide of this ingenious story.

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*The Woman.* By Antonio Fogazzaro. Translated by Thorold Dickson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The success of Fogazzaro's recent religious fiction has no doubt been the occasion of this resuscitation of an early romantic novel, "Malombra," which seems to be almost the work of a different man. Here is mystery and witching scenery and everything that entranced lovers of fiction a score of years ago, and have interest for most of us to-day, if we only permit it. The translation is in excellent, idiomatic English, and to one reader at least has brought back happy memories of his first introduction to Italian in this leisurely novel.

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*The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas.* By Edward Westermarck. Vol. I. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

This new volume by Dr. Westermarck, so favorably known through his "History of Human Marriage," published in 1891, is much more than a summary of the labors and opinions of others, since it contains also a good deal of first-hand knowledge obtained by the author during four years spent in Morocco, chiefly among the peasants and mountaineers. The twenty-seven chapters cover a wide range within the field selected for investigation: The origin, nature, and expression of the moral emotions, concepts, ideas, and judgments; influence of external events, motives, the will, intellectual disability; forbearance and carelessness, character and conduct; homicide of all varieties, human sacrifice, blood-revenge and compensation, capital punishment, the duel, bodily injuries; charity and generosity, hospitality; the subjection of children and women; slavery, etc. In this first volume of a work intended to discuss the origin and development of our moral ideas, to classify, and, as far as it is possible so to do, to explain them as "rooted in the emotional side of our nature," but, nevertheless, "in a large measure amenable to reason," Dr. Westermarck adduces evidence from all quarters of the globe. In acquaintance with the literature of the subject, his work stands out in marked contrast with certain Continental European and even English books upon kindred topics, whose neglect of the investigations of American anthropologists is all too glaring. The writings of Dr. Boas, *e. g.*, ought to be utilized by every author who attempts to generalize about the mind of primitive man. The author's general position is indicated in the following passage (p. 9):

Society is the school in which men learn to distinguish between right and wrong. The headmaster is Custom, and the lessons are the same for all. The first moral judgments were pronounced by public opinion; public indignation and public approval are the prototypes of the moral emotions. As regards questions of morality, there was, in early society, practically no difference of opinion; hence a character of universality, or objectivity, was from the very beginning attached to all moral judgments. And when, with advancing civilization, this unanimity was to some extent disturbed by individuals venturing to dissent from the opinions of the majority, the disagreement was largely due to facts which in no way affected the moral principle, but had reference only to its application.

There being really "no absolute standard in morality," the best position to take up is that of "ethical subjectivism," in assuming which Dr. Westermarck expresses himself optimistically, thus (p. 20):

Far above the vulgar idea that the right is a settled something to which everybody has to adjust his opinions, rises the conviction that it has its existence in each individual mind, capable of any expansion, proclaiming its own right to exist, if needs be, venturing to make a stand against the whole world. Such a conviction makes for progress.

Moral disapproval is a sub-species of resentment and moral approval a form of "retributive kindly emotion." The self-side of the question is stated thus (p. 107): "In order to be moral emotions, our self-condemnation and self-approval must present the same characteristics as make resentment and retributive kindliness moral emotions when they are felt with reference to the conduct of other people." In the long history of mankind the factors which have stimulated or retarded the development of moral ideas have been numerous and varied. Among them may be mentioned: The publicity of the earliest moral emotions (still powerful in dictating certain forms of punishment in use among civilized nations); the occurrence of a marked "sense of duty" and the like in races counted with the uncivilized (some negro peoples, *e. g.*, are said to have a sense of duty rather superior to that of Europeans); the value of customs (and "bad habits") as representing the moral ideas of peoples; the connection between the punishments prescribed by law and the religious-aristocratic form of government; the attitude of human races and peoples toward intentional and accidental injuries; the recognition of intellectual disability as creating irresponsibility (animals, children, women, idiots, madmen, drunken persons, etc., have all been so considered; but, at the same time, some peoples have visited crimes committed in a state of intoxication with double penalties, while being very indulgent to the act of drunkenness when not accompanied by injurious consequences); the idea of the contagious character of "sin," involving often the innocent as well as the guilty (this idea is often carried to the extreme under the régime of religious dogma); the doctrine of family solidarity, which carries in its train not only common responsibility for crimes, but common enjoyment of merits and virtues as well; the prominence in early moral codes of negative commandments (the differences between the Old and the New Testament morality illustrate this); the strong belief of the popular mind in the law of cause and effect (theories of fate and destiny, etc.).

In his discussion of homicide and human sacrifice, Dr. Westermarck examines much interesting material. He properly remarks (pp. 328-329) that, whereas among uncivilized peoples human life is generally held very cheap, "there are, on the other hand, uncivilized peoples among whom homicide or murder is said to be hardly known." The allusions to the sparing of the lives of captives, the disapproval of homicide in times of peace, etc., might be greatly increased by a comparative study of "fairness" in war and its concomitants. The custom, known to many savage and barbarous peoples, of killing the old and decrepit, and of abandoning or putting out of the way deformed and diseased individuals, recalls the ever-recurring proposals of some physician or advocate of the strenuous life of to-day. Their fellows of another race are to be met with in the Mongolian Hakkas, who "often put their girls to death with a view of inducing thereby the soul to appear next time in the shape of a boy." At page 465 a reference is in order to a recent article by Professor Toy in the "Journal of American Folk-Lore" (1905) on "Mexican Human Sacrifice," in which the ambassadorial nature of ceremonial slaughter is dwelt upon. The recent monographs of Dr. K. T. Preuss give some ground for the belief that with certain peoples human sacrifice is a comparatively late cult-phenomenon; the human being in this case is the substitute and not the thing substituted for. The execution of blood-revenge, Dr. Westermarck thinks, "largely falls under the headings of human sacrifice for the dead." The duel is styled (p. 507) "a sanguinary survival of barbarism," but it has often been more sanguinary in civilization. That corporal punishment is the greatest of indignities for adults or for children is believed by not a few savage and barbarous peoples, some of whom see in injury to the body a corresponding injury to the soul. The religious duty of charity, according to the author, "is not merely an outcome of the altruistic sentiment," for, although "the most beautiful of all religious virtues," charity may be "traced back to a magical and ritualistic origin." Hospitality, too, has thrived much from belief in the "magic power" of the stranger and the desire to make sure of his blessings ("entertaining angels unawares" is known all over the globe and in every age).

In the matter of the subjection of children and wives, the treatment accorded the dead has not been without influence on the attitude assumed toward the living, the magnification of ancestors often resulting in the practical exclusion of women and the creation of entirely male genealogies and pantheons. A more complete knowledge of the position of woman among savage and barbarous peoples than is possessed by some recent writers on this subject, enables Dr. Westermarck to question the statement that "a people's civilization may be measured by the position held by the women"—an assertion, "not

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supported by facts, at least so far as the earlier stages of culture are concerned."

Dr. Westermarck's book makes good reading for all who are interested in the evolution of human ideas and human institutions, from the tariff to woman suffrage, and from capital punishment to the elective system in colleges and universities. Out of the great array of facts accumulated and discussed stands forth time and again the human compromise between emotional zeal and the cooler thought of reason, which has made possible modern civilization and its continued evolution.

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*Etudes Critiques sur l'histoire de la Littérature Française.* Par Ferdinand Brunetière. Huitième Série. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

A posthumous volume like this of Brunetière's is always likely to attract a rather unusual sort of interest. Final and definitive as it is in the obvious sense, it seems too as though it had settled conclusively the general character of its author's thought. It is difficult to view such a book otherwise than as a "proof," a kind of literary cast of the writer's criticism. There are the familiar ear-marks—the labels and catch-words in quotation, the ostentation of "science," of "evolution" and "psychology," the historical "deductions" and "derivations," the "shop," and what not—set as though in plaster; everywhere the unmistakable impression of a method scholarly, laborious, conscientious, at times ingenious and even profound in its own fashion, but fatally ponderous, constrained, and rigid like the operation of a piece of complicated and inflexible machinery.

Take the essay on the "Maladie du Burlesque," for instance; nothing could be shrewder than its reduction of romanticism to a common category with "preciosity" and burlesque—"the mélange of preciosity and grotesqueness which was romanticism"—and nothing less convincing; unless it is the plea for infallibility in connection with De Maistre's "Du Pape," with its air-tight logic and formal paradox. Infected with a little of the old mediæval leaven, in spite of his detestation of romanticism, Brunetière seems in the end to have forgotten entirely the tacit surrender of absolute truth which underlay the Reformation and which furnishes the foundation of modern tolerance. In particular his recurrent flings at Sainte-Beuve—and he appears to have made one every time he had a chance—are unmistakably significant. "In those justly admired pages in which Sainte-Beuve set himself to characterize Montaigne's style . . . . just fancy, if you can, the historian of Port Royal as thinking less of himself than of the author of the 'Essais.'" And then Sainte-Beuve's scholarship! "When a critic has to speak of a writer's development, he ought to make more account of chronology than was the fashion in Sainte-Beuve's day." For this is no mere pedantry. Much less is it petty jealousy or incompatibility of temper in the ordinary sense, which sets him carping at his illustrious predecessor. It is, rather, the hopeless antagonism of two rival philosophies; the one conceiving truth as something Protean, mutable, wayward, tricksy, elusive, not to be coerced—though wheedled, perhaps, with infinite ingenuity, resource, and versatility; the other, on the contrary, believing it stable, rooted, immutable, a thing to be stared at and reasoned with and talked down; the former trusting by ceaseless agility of spirit to surprise occasionally a kind of relative certainty; the latter depending upon its persistence and inflexibility to discover the whole mystery sooner or later.

That Brunetière's natural stiffness of temper was confirmed by his lack of sympathy with his own age, an age of weak and dissolute criticism, is undeniable. On this ground is to be explained his assertive and disputatious tone, as when men are obliged to be always taking their own part. He was in the opposition and the minority. And it speaks wonders for the man's energy that he should have secured so large a share in writing the report of the period, which is usually the work of the majority. For, in spite of certain superficial resemblances, especially in the use of the modern critical machine, Brunetière differed radically from his contemporaries and his immediate predecessors in his innate respect for authority. He recognized early and correctly that the crying need of his time was a just and properly constituted principle of authority. His failure as a critic consists in the fact that he never succeeded in supplying this need. Unfortunately for himself and for us, the authority that he had to offer was thoroughly inadequate. By the circumstances of the case, it was limited too exclusively to tradition, and tradition interpreted and applied in a partial and rather unfortunate manner. Without a regard for tradition there is no sound opinion possible. But at the same time, without a sane body of current opinion, without an elevated contemporary common-sense, tradition itself is but an inelastic and useless criterion of truth. And it was Brunetière's misfortune that no such consensus of public opinion existed in his day with respect to the things of the spirit. What sound opinion he saw about him as representing the best sense of his own day was scientific rather than literary; and it is hardly astonishing that in the absence of any other guide he should have listened to it too confidingly and should have misread by its light the past as well as the present. For the main thing with science, as he saw, is reality, not moral truth, and its instrument is observation, not creative imagination; and it is just this reality, this observation, that he is finally induced to accept as the standard of literature—an error in which he was confirmed, no doubt, by the appearance of a scientific tendency or evolution in the recent history of human thought. "Every work in every language—and I am tempted to say, in every art—will be classic in proportion to the amount of psychological or moral *observation* it contains—and be like, in virtue of this alone." Hence his excessive admiration for Balzac, whose method of composition he cannot refrain from comparing conjecturally with Molière's. Hence, too, what seems at first sight a curious inconsistency in matters of faith, where science gives him no guidance and he is obliged to turn over the test of truth to the traditional authority—a dualism between reason and dogma, which he seems to think quite in Montaigne's line. But whether he is judging of literature by its "psychological and moral observation" or of doctrine by its agreement with "consecrated dogma," he is always an absolutist, with this one desperate conviction fixed in his mind that, wherever the subject, certainty is somehow or other attainable and capable with pains and patience of being exactly defined and formulate.

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*The Measure of the Hours.* By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.40 net.

The central interest of this volume is not the brief and fanciful study which gives it its name, a discussion of the qualities and aspects of time, and its appropriate measurement by sundials in summer's divine leisure, hour-glasses that shall muffle in sand the season of grief, and so on. That is Maeterlinck in his lighter vein, and it shows only here and there a touch of the almost tragic seriousness that is the predominant note of his philosophy. The present collection of twelve essays is, like "Le Double Jardin," somewhat heterogeneous, and ranges over questions of morality, social duty, literary appreciation, scenery, and popular science. The longest essay, which in the French original gives its title to the volume, is among the first-fruits of Maeterlinck's studies of plants that seem to show signs of reasoning. In "The Intelligence of the Flowers" is foreshadowed, no doubt, a larger work, the counterpart of "La Vie des abeilles," and we have now in general terms the results of the last four years' work, which this versatile writer has devoted to the hybridisation of sages. Nearly all that he tells us about the wisdom and ingenuity of flowers is, of course, known to botanists. But few botanists write books which appeal to the layman as does Darwin's, "On the Various Contrivances by which Orchids Are Fertilized by Insects," and here we have, with more subtle suggestions and comments than came within Darwin's scope, the story of the soul of the flowers, and their heroic efforts at mechanical invention. Their immediate effort is always to conquer space: hence all the marvels that they have achieved, after experiment, in the line of propulsion, and navigation of the air, "the aerial screw of the maple; the flying-machine of the thistle; the detonating springs of the spurge; the extraordinary squirt of the momordica; the hooks of the eriophilous plants; and a thousand other unexpected and astounding pieces of mechanism." Aristotle, one remembers, allowed to plants only the "nutritive soul"—whatever he may have meant by the phrase. Maeterlinck offers the hypothesis that "there are not more or less intelligent beings, but a scattered general intelligence, a sort of universal fluid," for which man happens to be a better conductor than animals or plants. Any manifestations of this intelligence outside ourselves are precious, since they indicate that man has not taken the wrong road; that "the methods of the human mind are the only possible methods, that man has not erred, that he is neither an exception nor a monster, but the being through whom pass, in whom are most intensely manifested, the great volitions, the great desires, of the universe."

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In "Le Double Jardin" Maeterlinck wrote a prose ode to the "half-human" automobile, in which he promoted speed to a place beside or even above the deities space and time. In an essay on the "Psychology of Accident" he now analyzes the workings of the reason and of instinct in an automobile accident, for the automobile, above all other means of violent death, seems designed for those who love the "bright face of danger." The sixth essay, "Rome," appeared in "Le Double Jardin," and is here translated. In "The Praise of the Fist" Maeterlinck betrays a tendency, which, to his admirers, is depressing—a tendency to show off. In "Le Double Jardin" he wrote a piece—it cannot be called an essay—called "Éloge de l'épée." Now we have its counterpart, in which he takes the other side. These panegyrics have too many of the earmarks of those tasteless efforts of rhetoric with which the Græco-Roman sophists used to delight audiences that would have found extension lectures too taxing on the brain. To be all for the sword as against the fist, in an epideictic speech, one day, and to reverse one's position on the morrow, in a speech just as clever, was an exercise that pleased all tastes by its ingenuity, and the theme mattered not at all. Such a *jeu d'esprit* is unworthy of Maeterlinck, and one is even tempted to doubt the sincerity of some of the philosophical essays when one sees him expending the same subtlety, the same suggestive reflections on both sides of an ornamental debate. There is a sophist in every philosopher, but the best of them have curbed the rhetorical talent as inappropriate to the votaries of truth. The main interest, however, of nearly all these essays is essentially that of the earlier volumes; the aim is still to combat insensibility to the possibilities of unguessed mysteries in what lies around us. Maeterlinck would have men live with a lively sense of great plans and purposes, and pursue, as far as the finite mind can, the meaning of nature's "fearful symmetry"—would have us feel that we play a part in a vast drama whose dimensions and *dénouement* we cannot comprehend.

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*The Life of Isabella Bird (Mrs. Bishop).* By Anna M. Stoddart. E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

This life might have been better in one way, at least, if it had been written by a man. Mrs. Bishop played a man's part, and it would be interesting to know how her performance appeared to the expert. Miss Stoddart is rather too much rapt by mere reverential admiration of the great traveller. That feeling the reader could supply for himself. He wants more explanation. He would like to hear more about the comparative psychology of this strange woman. He wonders how Mrs. Bishop managed to do what she did, and how her feats rank among similar male enterprises. On these points Miss Stoddart is hardly sufficiently informative. She writes as a sentimentalist rather than as a psychologist. The value of her work lies chiefly in the account it gives of the scope and results of Mrs. Bishop's journeys. To many readers, no doubt, it will be interesting enough, for it is written pleasantly..

Mrs. Bishop was an invalid from childhood. She was never other than an invalid while in England. Yet she could accomplish an almost continuous ride of fourteen months, through Tibet, Persia, and Armenia, quite unaccompanied except by native servants; she could explore Manchuria and Korea in the same conditions, to say nothing of several fatiguing tours in civilized parts, such as this country, and the Australian colonies; and wherever she went she could undertake, beside the difficulties of the road, that of writing very full and vivid descriptions of all she saw. In England it wore her out to travel a hundred miles in a first-class railway carriage. One thinks of her lying in a long chair all day, and with difficulty raising a glass of medicine to her lips with a frail hand. But set her down among the Rockies or somewhere "East of Suez," and she became at once a rival of the robustest, most daring men. Miss Stoddart is sensible of this contradiction, and quotes an article which appeared in the *Edinburgh Medical Review* in 1904, after Mrs. Bishop's death, to explain it. The writer there remarks:

> The invalid at home and the Samson abroad do not form a very usual combination, yet in her case these two ran in tandem for many years. Mrs. Bishop was indeed one of those subjects who are dependent to the last degree upon their environment to bring out their possibilities. It is not a question of dual personality; it is the varied response of a single personality under varied conditions. Of course, the response can only be maintained in an active environment when there is a large storehouse of energy behind it; for no woman can travel some 2,400 miles through a wild and untamed country without having a basis of strength of an unusual kind. . . . When she took the stage as pioneer and traveller, she laughed at fatigue, she was indifferent to the terrors of danger, she was careless of what a day might bring forth in the matter of food; but stepping from the boards into the wings of life she immediately became the invalid, the timorous, delicate, gentle-voiced woman that we associate with the Mrs. Bishop of Edinburgh.

This explanation does not go far enough. It tells us that Mrs. Bishop responded variously to various environments, and hints that excitement had a highly tonic effect on her. But the question is how she, with her poor physical endowment, *could* respond as she did to the environment of Tibet, for instance. Here Miss Stoddart adds some useful information:

> There *was* a great reserve of endurance in Mrs. Bishop, and this was due to her splendid digestion. In spite of the serious ailments which exhausted her constitution, her appetite, and her power of assimilating large quantities of food healthily never failed her. Her husband would rally her on this, and once said laughingly to me, "Isabella has the appetite of a tiger and the digestion of an ostrich." . . . Indeed, she called herself "a savage in the matter of food." . . . This healthy appetite must have strengthened her muscular frame, which made up for her feeble spine.

Add to this really abnormal power of digestion, which was particularly stimulated when she was leading an active outdoor life, a high spirit, great self-control in the presence of danger, an extraordinary resourcefulness when occasion called it out, and we get some kind of solution of the problem.

As for the motives which impelled her to all these wanderings, the search for health was the first. She began travelling for that purpose and it seems always to have played a large part in her excursions. Then, of course, she had a restless and curious nature, and she suffered from loneliness. "I am so thankful," she writes to Mr. Murray, her publisher, from Korea, "for my capacity for being interested. What would my lonely life be without it?" She married her doctor when she was middle-aged, but he lived only five years. The great affection of her life was her love for her sister, Henrietta, who died in 1880. After that loss existence became more or less of a blank for the survivor, which she had to fill up as best she could. "I often told her that she was 'my world,'" she writes; "she was so essential in every respect to my happiness, and things without her have lost nearly all their interest. . . . Oh! I do long so for the father's house and the gathered family and freedom from sin and from the constant effort to grasp the unseen." This was twenty-three years before her own death, and all her really remarkable journeys were accomplished in that interval.

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*Efficient Democracy.* By William H. Allen. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.

That social efficiency, rather than personal goodness, should be regarded as the proper test of the reformer, the politician, and the public servant; and that efficiency depends upon knowledge, which is to be gained only by careful investigation and statistical summaries, is the conclusion reached in advance, and argued and illustrated through the three hundred and forty-six pages of this book. The point of view from which Mr. Allen writes is neither that of the public official nor the general citizen; but rather that of the volunteer social reformer. This is indicated in the focussing of the argument upon the need for a volunteer bureau of municipal statistics, and especially in the indication given (page 264) of the writer's conception of the fundamental problem of democracy:

> Democracy's greatest problem is this, how can we utilize without excessive waste the tremendous potential force of the small percentage who, feeling keenly the injustice, the discrepancies, and inefficiencies of government, are willing to make sacrifices, if thus they can help remove discrepancy, inefficiency, and injustice.

What Mr. Allen says concerning the need for publicity, and for knowledge of the right facts for publication is valid and deserves emphasis. A bureau of municipal statistics, an outline plan for which, together with an argument in its favor, is here given, is certainly a needed agency of civic life. That such a bureau, recently incorporated in this city, may demonstrate all that Mr. Allen claims for it is scarcely to be expected, but that it will render valuable service every citizen may hope. No mere fact-collecting agency can, however, of itself alone accomplish much. There must be social dynamics behind all social machinery. The error into which Mr. Allen falls is that illustrated by every special pleader. He not only puts book-keeping and statistics into the first place as a social remedial; but he leaves no place for other factors. Needful as good business methods are, there must be vital forces at work, or every method will fail. Mr. Allen does not consider the great forces which are needful for healthy social life.

As might be expected of the general agent of the Association for Improving the

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Condition of the Poor, and the secretary of the committee on physical welfare of school children (which offices he holds and well fills), Mr. Allen considers executive rather than generative methods and measures, and it is only with these problems that he here deals. If this were not the case the title of the book, true to its contents, would have been differently chosen. How to secure an efficient democracy is the problem of those who are thus executively employed. A greater problem, however, is how to secure democratic efficiency—a very different matter. How to utilize the latent power of the inexpert masses, not only in industry, but still more in government, and good government, is the great problem which is still to be met. "Efficient Democracy" is a catchy phrasing of a tendency which is very strong at present. The expert is in demand in charity, reform, and politics, as well as in business. The inexpert mass is crowded back and out. Even the "efficient" contributor displaces largely the millions whose small contributions are not seriously solicited. Will Mr. Allen, or some one, now undertake to tell us how a democratic efficiency is to be secured?

The most serious defect in Mr. Allen's book is, however, still to be mentioned. This is found in the first chapter, on "The Goodness Fallacy," which, briefly stated, argues that it is a false supposition to think a good man will make a capable officer. A very unworthy meaning of goodness is placed in opposition to a somewhat dangerous conception of efficiency. The good man is viewed as one who is only not bad, who has no personal vices; whereas, the truly good man must be efficient in order to be good. The efficient man may be efficiently either good or bad. Mr. Allen is not one who would glorify an efficient villain, and yet he comes very close to falling into this error in his zeal for efficiency. In his efforts to combat a spurious goodness he fails to demand an efficiency which would assure the ends which he has in view.

All in all, however, the book is highly suggestive. Some parts of it are worthy of reading by every type of thinker and worker; other parts will appeal only to the specialized student of the administrative aspects of reform. Its value would have been enhanced for the general reader if it had been condensed into one-third of the present space. Needless repetitions would thus have been avoided, and matter appealing to the interest of only the highly specialized few would have found better place in a separate publication.

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*Mediæval London, Vol. II., Ecclesiastical.* By Sir Walter Besant. New York: The Macmillan Co. $7.50 net.

This volume is the complement of "Mediæval London, Volume I., Historical and Social," reviewed in our columns in August last year. Such a division of the subject into sections is necessarily arbitrary and not altogether convenient. It has not been rigidly observed, as the first section of the present volume, occupying 120 pages, relates to the secular government of London, and therefore belongs of right to the first volume. Parts II. and III., "Ecclesiastical London," and "Religious Houses," fall quite properly under the sub-title.

Sir Walter Besant was not especially an antiquary, nor would he have been content to deal with his subject merely as an antiquary. As an imaginative writer his aim would be to make the past live again for us, as was done by Charles Reade in his immortal book, "The Cloister and the Hearth," or, to take a closer illustration, as was done by Carlyle in his "Past and Present," which brought home to thousands of readers the human interest of Jocelin's twelfth century narrative. Sir Walter Besant's preparation for the gigantic task of making mediæval London real to us was wide and arduous. If he has not largely gone to manuscript records, which could not fairly be required of him, his references show that he was a diligent reader of numerous printed chronicles. But it is impossible to accept the two volumes on mediæval London as what, had he lived longer, would have been the final outcome of his labors. The chapter entitled "The Religious Life" is the only one in the present volume which may, perhaps, be regarded as a finished study. The rest of the volume has the character of mere preliminary notes. Take, for instance, the story of William Fitz Osborn, or Fitz Osbert, popularly known as "William Longbeard," whose career as unprincipled agitator or devoted champion of the rights of the humbler citizens—he is presented in both characters—came to a violent and shameful end on the gallows in 1196. The story is told from one or other point of view by many of the old chroniclers living at or near the time, the longest account being that given by William of Newburgh, who is supposed to have died in 1198. Sir Walter Besant knew the value of contemporary evidence, and is shown by his references to have been well acquainted with these old chronicles. But, while we find here only a few lines about "Longbeard," quoted from Roger of Hovenden, there is a quotation, extending over more than a full page, from Fabyan, who wrote 300 years later.

Nor have Sir Walter Besant's notes been always brought into agreement with one another. On page 214 we are told that "The service [of the Church] was in Latin, a language not comprehended any longer even in Italy; nobody could read; there were no books for them if they could." But later (pages 228 to 230) we find, in a long extract from Tanner's "Notitia Monastica," that young women were taught to read English, and sometimes Latin also; Sir Walter Besant himself tells (page 232) how "the monks set up reading-boxes in their cloisters for those who wished to read."

Again, the most natural explanation of the origin of guilds is that they began as fraternities, analogous to our modern benefit societies, but covering somewhat wider ground. Those of our readers who may chance to have been in Seville during Holy Week, and have seen there the gorgeous processions of the fraternities, can form some idea of the large part played by these institutions in the social life of the middle ages. Trades have a natural tendency to settle, each in a certain zone of a city; this is to some extent found even in the overgrown cities of to-day; much more was it the case in the smaller cities of the past. The centre of the fraternity being the parish church and the parishioners largely of one trade, the extension of the objects of the fraternity to the regulation of trades was a natural transition. This is the view expressed on page 382, but it is not in agreement with passages found elsewhere.

The subject of the book is so wide that it would not have been possible to deal at all adequately with it in a single volume. But one cannot acquiesce in the dismissal of the hospitals of London in two pages, containing no reference to the circumstances under which so many of them were suppressed. And there are many omissions not to be excused on the ground of restricted space. Thus, what is now the Dutch Church was formerly a church of the Austin Friars. At the Reformation it became an important centre of the new teaching by "Zwinglian Gospellers" under John a Lasco, "who," says Heylin, "bringing with him a mixed multitude of Poles and Germans, obtained the privilege of a church for himself and his, distinct in government and forms of worship from the Church of England." This exceptional and very remarkable privilege should surely have been mentioned in any account, however brief, of the church.

It is not an agreeable task to have to criticise so severely a work bearing a name deservedly honored in literature. But, we repeat, it is impossible to regard this volume as a work which Sir Walter Besant would have presented to the public in anything like its present form. It is, however, issued as his work, and this without any reservation. There is no preface explaining the conditions in which the publication takes place. No editor's name is given, and only, we think, in a single footnote is it revealed that the work has had the supervision of an editor.

The book is copiously illustrated, and the illustrations are for the most part good; one, especially, the plan of the Priory of the Holy Trinity and the Church of St. Katherine Cree, is of great value. Some of the others have no obvious relation to the surrounding text.

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*The Life of Charles A. Dana.* By James Harrison Wilson, late Major-General, U. S. V. New York: Harper & Bros. $3 net.

Gen. Wilson became a warm friend of Mr. Dana's during the latter's civilian service in the civil war, and this biography is naturally uncritical. The author had but little unpublished material at his disposal, and of even his published material he has to confess himself not always sure. Thus to many of the extracts made from the *Tribune* during the time when Dana was its managing editor, the statement has to be prefaced: "If Dana did not write this, he must at least have approved of it." This is rather groping work, as is also sometimes the use of matter quoted from the *Sun*. For the rest, Gen. Wilson has loyally paid a debt of friendship, and, leaving his readers to make their own abatements of eulogy and corrections of judgment, has given them the full outlines of a life which was remarkable in more senses than one.

The earlier chapters we think the most interesting. They let us into the shaping of the man. The story of young Dana's struggle for an education, with the unusual attainments which he early reached and added to throughout a long life, is what we like to think typically American. A

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haphazard existence for many years, with frequent changes of schools and teachers, yielded experience and discipline to Dana, while they did not slacken his pursuit of knowledge. Slow in finding his work, he was all the while fitting himself for it. His Brook Farm episode is rationally accounted for in Gen. Wilson's pages. Dana had pretty successfully emerged from his transcendental period before joining the transcendentalists. With him, it was a business proposition. He had no means, he had no profession, and Dr. Ripley's proposal that he carry his practical talent and his gift for teaching to Brook Farm was accepted very much in the spirit of a man asked to manage a mill or take charge of a school. When Dana was charged in later life with having turned his back on his Brook Farm principles, we can now see how unfounded was the accusation. At the time, he was in Brook Farm, but not of it.

The book is fullest and most authoritative in the chapters covering Dana's work in the war as a kind of glorified confidential reporter with the army for Stanton, and later as Assistant Secretary of War. Gen. Wilson was personally conversant with most of the matters touched upon, and is able to bring many interesting facts out of the archives. This part of Dana's career was highly creditable to him. With great energy and much sagacity and uncommon literary skill, he wrote to the War Department his impressions of the various generals and the large movements that fell under his eye. That these were of considerable military and political value, cannot be doubted; but their influence in developing Dana's own character, and in directing the remainder of his life, is the greater fact for the reader of this biography.

Dana came out of the war with a fondness for exerting political power, and an itch for office himself, which never left him, and which colored all his subsequent work in journalism. His years of training on the *Tribune* had been of the utmost value to him, unequally yoked as he was with Horace Greeley. But though he took with him to the *Sun* the vigorous pen, the pungent phrase, the power of condensation, there was a pained feeling among too many of his friends that he had left a good part of his moral baggage in the *Tribune* office. In these indiscriminate days, it is hard to understand the indignation and sense of betrayal with which Dana's contemporaries regarded his first going over to sensational and personally vindictive journalism. Some of them still report cynical remarks of his, to the effect that he had gone in for unprofitable reform long enough, and had now set out to make money. Surely, that was not the whole of it; but the effect of his methods on American journalism is something which the philosophic historian of our press will one day have to work out, and which, we fear, cannot be called wholly good. While Dana was still alive, Whitelaw Reid published an article holding him directly responsible for the degradation of New York journalism through its baser exponents — though against the rioting silliness of these, no one, of course, protested more strongly than Mr. Dana. Gen. Wilson seems quite unaware of all these questions, and we can but refer to them here. Privately, the picture which the volume gives of Mr. Dana is attractive. He lived the intellectual life, in the main, was fond of friends and family, had iron health, and joyed in his work. In his calling he was able to awaken the unbounded admiration of associates and subordinates. His biographer has felt called upon to reprint that last vaunting and undignified editorial of his in the *Sun*, all too revealing as it unconsciously was in respect to one who professed to be a man of taste, and to live and die as a cool philosopher.

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*The Religious Value of the Old Testament in the Light of Modern Knowledge.* By Ambrose White Vernon. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 90 cents net.

The starting-point of this fresh, breezy essay is that "the great literary power of the Bible will be lost to us, unless its religious power may somehow be retained." The author has evidently been a close student of recent criticism of the Old Testament literature, but his interest is not in the literature as such, or even in the construction of a more truthful history on the basis of critical determinations, but rather in the present religious use of the remarkable series of documents which we call the Old Testament. He recognizes that the employment of this portion of the Bible in the manner of former times has become impossible; and if there has appeared an exhibition of the weaknesses and defects of the traditional use of the Old Testament which is to the same degree fair and sympathetic, and also mercilessly convincing in condemnation, such an exhibition has not passed within our view. It has been set forth frequently that the Church has lost much in the revolution of attitude toward the Bible, but Professor Vernon has made evident in striking manner what the Church has been continually losing through the *continuance* of the old view, and what she still suffers in so far forth as a more worthy and vital appreciation of the Old Testament has failed to obtain. It is plain that criticism has here an enthusiastic advocate. He is convinced not only that critical judgments are in large measure true, but also that failure to recognize their truth has had dwarfing and deadening effects upon the current apprehension of religious truth. His description of the influence of the idea of infallibility in externalizing religion and in begetting a trivial conception of God is outspoken, but fully justified.

In the more positive part of the essay, in which Professor Vernon seeks to establish grounds for high evaluation of the Old Testament in accordance with modern understanding of it, evidences of sympathetic study and religious insight are not lacking. Naturally, he fixes first upon the characters presented in the history as supplying a chief element of its value. The careers of David and Jeremiah are outlined with enthusiasm, in the endeavor to show that the "transcendent service of the Old Testament, in presenting to us personalities that incite profound reverence, is as enduring as virtue, and is utterly independent of changing scientific and philosophical views." A weightier argument, however, in favor of the permanent worth of the Old Testament is brought forward in the next section, where analysis of the influence of Amos, and also of Hosea, in the development of Hebrew faith is made to show how the Old Testament "records the discovery of our fundamental religious truths." The necessity of true appreciation of the writings of Hebrew prophets and psalmists in order to understand the rise of the Christian faith and the career and character of its founder forms the culmination of the author's argument for the permanence and abiding worth of the scriptures of ancient Israel.

Professor Vernon writes with eagerness, with evident sincerity and intensity of conviction, and there is a certain tension and activity in his style, which, while it may not leave his sentences always smooth, keeps one's interest alert. He has gripped the problems of the Old Testament in their broad relations, not as mere literary puzzles and historical perplexities, but as questions quick with interest for the faith of living men. He has shown convincingly the importance of the book for the cultivation of the religious life. Studies of this sort go far to remove from critical research the reproach of dilettanteism, and exhibit the history of religion as an ally of the worthier forces in the spiritual life of to-day.

## Science.

*Darwinism and the Problems of Life.* By Conrad Guenther; translated by Joseph McCabe. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.50 net.

The treatment of the theory of evolution in this volume is avowedly popular; in fact, no knowledge of science is presupposed in the reader. Whatever the failings of this work, it certainly equals or surpasses in clearness and continuity of interest any similar popular exposition of this great subject which has yet appeared.

Although the author's references are almost wholly to common animals of Germany, yet the text can be applied to conditions in all other temperate countries. The colors, form, and habits of the best-known types of life, from mammals to protozoans, are taken for illustrations of the several phases of the theory of evolution as propounded by Darwin. Following the various phyla, which are considered in separate chapters, comes a discussion of the extensions of evolutionary theories. Germinal selection, orthogenesis, De Vries's mutation theory, and vitalism are expounded in the peculiarly lucid and interesting diction of the author, but all these theories are rejected as unnecessary or false.

It is in thus making a fetich of natural selection, and by its action alone explaining the whole problem of evolution, that the volume falls far short of being a well-balanced thesis. Why the logical reasoning of the organic selection theory is entirely ignored is not clear; especially as an apparent leaning toward orthogenesis on the part of the author would indicate that the omitted theory would perhaps be acceptable to him. Notwithstanding the rejection of all modern extensions of Darwin's views, the

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author does not feel himself bound to strict belief in the text of the "Origin of Species," but now and then breaks away radically—a fact to be the more regretted when we remember that the reader, in the person of the unscientific layman, may be led by the excellencies of exposition to a belief in the unquestioned truth of these, at best, tentative subordinate theories. For example, it is far from proved, and is in fact improbable, that the love-dance of the black cock, the strutting of the turkey gobbler and peacock, the song of birds and other "courtship-phenomena," are "connected with the fight of the males, and must be explained as serving to frighten away rivals."

A final chapter entitled "Nature, History, and Ethics" undertakes to put before the reader brief discussions of consciousness, the truth of scientific ideas, the limits of any theory of evolution, and the evolution of the human race. In this latter section we find a severe arraignment of human "inverted selection" as exemplified by war and the transmission of hereditary diseases.

The volume, in short, generally expounds facts and theories of wide acceptance among biologists, and yet never descends to the unfortunate sentimentality which characterizes only too many recent attempts at the popularization of science.

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Prof. Angelo Mosso has given his report to the Italian Government on the prehistoric finds he has made in Sicily. His investigations were near Cannatello, not far from Girginti, and here he unearthed neolithic strata at a height hitherto unknown in southern Italy. A complete novelty was a circular, well-paved place, upon which there are five huts, built in part with massive blocks of stone. Equally unprecedented were the neolithic streets, which united the different parts of the locality with this place. The huts are well preserved, and indicate considerable skill on the part of the neolithic builder. The floors show leavings of straw, and remind of similar floors in Troy. The libation tablets here found are similar to those in Crete, and here also a number of votive horns of clay were unearthed. In a tomb in Sant' Angelo Muxaro, Professor Mosso found forty-five well-preserved vases, which evidently belong to the pre-Hellenic period. Of special importance are the Steatite vases, as these prove the intercourse between Crete and Sicily in prehistoric times. All the finds here made are being deposited in the Museum of Palermo.

Professor Heiberg, the Danish philologist, has unearthed a new manuscript of Archimedes at the Convent of the Holy Sepulchre at Constantinople.

The problem of the English sparrow in America is discussed in a résumé of answers to a *questionnaire* sent out by Prof. A. H. Estabrook of Clark University, and published in the *Auk* for April. From this report it appears that the bird exists in vast numbers in all parts of the country east of the Rocky Mountains, except certain parts of Florida, Texas, Oklahoma, and northern Montana, and in Canada north of latitude 50 degrees. The damage done by them is enormous, and scores of reports tell of native birds driven away or killed by these foreigners. In many places a war of extermination is being creditably carried on, but this can be of but little ultimate avail as the vacuum which is thus formed is quickly filled up from the over-stocked surrounding country. In New Zealand a special tax is levied in each county for the purpose of supporting an official whose sole duty is the scientific and thorough killing of young and adult birds, and the destroying of nests and eggs. In Australia the damage done to the crops by this same species of introduced sparrow is now so great that drastic measures are about to be taken. The time will soon come when the increase of noxious insects in our own country, due to the decrease of our most valuable native insectivorous birds, must bring about some concerted action of government and State authority, and then only can we hope for permanent relief. These birds rely for immunity chiefly upon their fearlessness of man, building in cities and towns, and if, by continual and intelligent persecution unhampered by foolish sentimentalism, they can be driven to the woods, it is probable that our native birds of prey—hawks, owls, and shrikes—will easily exterminate them.

Edward John Routh, M.A., D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S., the famous mathematical coach and "senior wrangler maker," has died at his home in Cambridge, England. He was born in Quebec on January 20, 1831, and was the son of Commissary-General Sir Randolph Routh, K.C.B. At the age of eleven he was taken to England, where, at University College School and University College, he gave evidence of remarkable talent for mathematics. He entered Peterhouse College, Cambridge, in 1851, studying under Todhunter and Hopkins, and was senior wrangler and Smith's prize man of his year, 1854. As senior wrangler he was said to rank as high above the second wrangler as the latter ranked above the last man in the tripos. He was for many years a lecturer in his chosen subject at Peterhouse and Pembroke College, and was six times examiner in the mathematical tripos of Cambridge University. He was a fellow of the University of London, a governor of Dulwich College, a member of the council of the Royal Society, the Royal Mathematical Society, a member of the Cambridge and of the Royal Geographical Societies, and a founder of the London Mathematical Society. His greatest success, however, came to him in connection with his private teaching. From 1857 to 1888—covering thirty-one years, in all, of his teaching career—he coached nearly seven hundred young men through the mathematical tripos, and of these more than five hundred took rank as wranglers. In addition to these twenty-seven senior wranglers, more than forty of his pupils were Smith's prize men. He wrote many papers on mathematical topics, and several important books. Among these are treatises on "Rigid Dynamics," "Statics," "Stability of Motion," and "Dynamics of a Particle."

A cable dispatch from London announces the death of Prof. Alfred Newton, M.A., F.R.S. of Cambridge University, who was born of English parents in Geneva, Switzerland, in 1829. He took an active part in all legislation for the protection of birds, and brought the subject for the first time before the British Association in 1868. He was at one time vice-president of the Royal Society and had served the Zoölogical Society many times in the same capacity. He was president of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, and the recipient of the gold medal of the Linnæan Society, and of one of the medals of the Royal Society. Among his books may be mentioned "The Zoölogy of Europe" (1862), "The birds of Greenland" (1875), "A Dictionary of Birds" (1893-96), and "Ootheca Wolleyana" (1864-1905).

## Drama and Music.

Christopher St. John's "Ellen Terry" is the first of a proposed series on "Stars of the Stage" to be edited by J. T. Grein and published at the Bodley Head. Mr. St. John's essay is pleasantly written and fairly accurate, as far as it goes, but is incomplete as biography, and is too evidently the work of a fervent admirer to have much value as criticism. It is, however, free from the silly rhapsodical gush which is the stock in trade of the ordinary theatrical scribbler. He does no more than justice to Miss Terry's personal charm and exquisite skill in the higher comedy, but greatly overestimates her tragic powers, whose limitations are abrupt and definite. He does not attempt to justify his faith by analysis or description, and apparently lacks the experience which might have afforded him useful standards of comparison. Of his facts, not one is new, while many are absurdly trivial, but the chronological list which he furnishes of Miss Terry's characters will be useful for reference. The most promising of the volumes underlined for speedy production is one by G. K. Chesterton on Bernard Shaw.

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It is not often that a theatrical incident of so much public interest as the return to the American stage of Miss Julia Marlowe and Mr. E. H. Sothern happens so late in the season. They began their two weeks' engagement here in the Academy of Music on Monday evening. They deserve well of the community for the creditable manner in which they have been upholding the credit of the American stage in England. The substantiality of their artistic success upon the London stage cannot be altogether obscured even by the indiscretions of a ridiculous press agent. Current reports that their expedition did not result in a great financial triumph are probably founded on fact, but it is certain that their interpretations, with a few exceptions, secured the warm commendation of competent critics. Moreover, it was generally admitted that, in the course of a few weeks they offered a dramatic programme which in respect of variety, range, and general excellence, could not, in these later days, have been excelled in any London theatre. The knowledge of this fact only adds to the regret that so promising an artistic partnership should be dissolved so abruptly.

Word comes from London that the play selected for John Drew next season by Charles Frohman is "My Wife," an Anglicized version of "Josette, Ma Femme," which has had a long run in Paris. The English piece is by Michael Morton, and

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has just been produced at the London Haymarket. It consists for the most part of "commonplace, purely external fun—'comic' parents, 'comic' hotel guests, 'comic' supper parties, and other 'comic' causes for yawning."

H. A. Jones's new piece, "The Galilean," which is to be produced in New York, under the author's personal supervision, in the early autumn, although not devoid of comedy, is said to represent the author in his most serious and strenuous mood. It belongs to the same category as "Juda" and "Mrs. Dane's Defence." The hero is a preacher of the primitive Gospel, who, going to the Scriptures for his inspiration, finds himself in conflict with all the creeds.

There seems to be a good deal of truthful satire and of a superior quality of wit in "George Paston's" comedy "Clothes and the Woman," which has just been acted in London by the Pioneers, with Miss Matthison as the heroine. The argument is that men are too apt to judge women by their clothes, instead of by their true selves, and the intrigue revolves upon a misunderstanding of this sort.

George Ade is at work upon a new play for William H. Crane. It will be tried first in Chicago, in October.

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Still another Wagner biography is in course of publication. It is by Max Koch, professor of German literature at the University of Breslau. The first volume, recently issued, though a large one, takes the story of Wagner's life only as far as the eve before the first performance of "Rienzi." Two more volumes, at least, will be required to complete the task on this scale. Another recent Wagner book is by Paul Moss, and is entitled "Richard Wagner als Aesthetiker."

The German Emperor is fond of military marches, as played by his bands. Two years ago it occurred to him that it would be well if some of the best of these marches were arranged for the voice, and Ferdinand Hummel was entrusted with the task. Breitkopf & Härtel now issue a collection of eighteen of these marches, in four versions: (1) for soldiers' chorus; (2) for male choral societies; (3) for schools; (4) for pianoforte. Appropriate texts have been added, and the volumes are sold at a low price.

A London critic considers Rosenthal's opinion that Chopin is superior in harmony to Beethoven "very strange"—an amusing instance of the Beethovenolatry prevalent in the musical world. Beethoven is not superior to all other masters in all things. In harmony he is certainly inferior to a dozen of the masters. Dr. Schucht, in his admirable little book on Chopin (Leipzig: C. F. Kahnt), says that in the very first of Chopin works, the Rondo in C minor, there is a freedom of modulation seldom found in any of Beethoven's works; and in his later composition Chopin laid the foundation for the chromaticism of the later Wagner. Wagner himself realized that harmony was not one of Beethoven's strong points. "It has been very justly remarked," he wrote, "that Beethoven's innovations belong more in the realm of rhythmic arrangement than in that of harmonic modulation."

Weingartner has been devoting much of his time in recent years to writing chamber music. His opus 33 is a sextet; his opus 40 a quintet; his opus 42 two sonatas for violin and piano.

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# Art.

## THE SALONS.

PARIS, May, 1907.

"That mediocrity has always dominated the Salon is indisputable; but that it now prevails more than ever, that it has become absolutely triumphant and overpowering, is as true as it is distressing": so Baudelaire wrote in 1859, though his criticism sounds as if it could come only from the unfortunate critic compelled to make the rounds of this year's two big exhibitions in the Grand Palais. The fact is that disappointment in the quality of the Salons, considered the most important shows of the year, is by no means the new thing we are inclined to think it. Genius has always been rare, mediocrity has always flourished. The only difference is that when Baudelaire wrote there were some young Frenchmen doing good and individual work, though the Salon found next to no place for it, and there was merely one, instead of two, cruelly huge exhibitions. Besides, the distinction with which the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts began its career in 1890 has made disappointment all the keener to-day, when little separates the exhibitions of the old and the new society except the turnstiles between them. An artistic period may never have been, but there is no question that art has seen its barren periods, and few more hopelessly so in France than the present.

However, even in the Salon of 1859, Baudelaire found work by two men to interest him: Legros, then unknown, and Amand Gautier, now forgotten. So, for me, in this year's Salons, the dulness has been relieved by the work of two distinct groups, less for its actual merit than for the promise given. These two groups are formed mostly of younger men whose names are still to make. The older men, for whom fame or notoriety was long since won, seem so fearful of losing it, that year after year they repeat themselves, reducing to a formula methods that once were fresh and original.

The standard is, of course, higher than in London, the accomplishment more complete. French painters and sculptors and engravers are trained to be workmen, to whom mastery of their medium is indispensable before they venture upon flights of imagination or orgies of sentiment. The picture by a British artist which may have struck you as above the average in London, simply disappears in Paris, unable to stand the test of comparison. More than this, there are canvases by some of the Frenchmen that reach a higher level than usual. In the one Salon, you may admire the originality of Simon in his latest portrait group, as in the other you cannot refuse your respect for the seriousness with which Jean Paul Laurens has carried out his latest academic exercise. But even so, taking the exhibitions as a whole, I feel in Paris very much as Kenyon Cox felt in Pittsburgh, the present commonplace or weakness or worse of French work, and this not only in painting, but in sculpture, and more particularly in etching and lithography, in which, only a few years ago, extraordinary and stimulating things were being done, and suggestive experiments made. It is the more depressing because the Moreau-Nélaton collection, now on view at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, reminds one of the great work French artists were doing, the great promise they were giving, at very much the same time that Baudelaire wrote with such despondence.

But if there exists something like listlessness or anæmia among the French who are so accomplished technically, the artists of two other nationalities show signs of vigor. I had not been long in the old Salon before it occurred to me that whenever a picture attracted my attention, it was sure to be either by a Spaniard or an American, and the further I went, not only in the old but in the new Salon, the more I was confirmed in this impression. The work might sometimes be not very distinguished, it might be coarse, it might be commonplaceness itself in motive. But there was an unmistakable character in it, a personality, if that can be personal which several share. I cannot say that the Spaniards, as a rule, reveal the qualities which are most admirable in an artist. They are all too deeply influenced by Zuloaga—or by his success—and his is not the sanest influence. He is absent (as is also Anglada) this year, but on every side you are confronted by his bull-fighters, his Spanish women in shawl and lace mantilla, his groupings, his poses, his movement, his manner of placing his figures against a landscape background. It is a trifle tiresome, to be honest, Zuloaga having already done the thing too often. But, certainly, his disciples do it vigorously and with apparent zest—in the case of Vasquez, with a swagger hardly less than his. But if there is small originality in the selection of subject, if there is a tendency to brutality alike in conception and execution, the work is the work of men who are very much alive, and their energy is bracing in the midst of the prevailing indifference and languor. It appeals to you in the sculpture court as in the picture galleries. The one big piece of sculpture in the old Salon that I remember with any vividness is a group of Marcken women by Bilbao-y-Martinez. If much of the Spaniards' energy is misdirected to-day, it has but to be turned into new channels, and Spain might at last produce a school of artists not unworthy of the country of Velasquez.

With the Americans, I think there is a great deal more than energy—qualities without which energy is of little value. It is extraordinary how they are developing a style of their own, very much as America has developed a style of its own. In the streets of London, you recognize an American woman at a glance; on the walls of the Salon, you can seldom mistake the American picture—and I am speaking not of the old exhibitors, long *hors concours*, but of newcomers, many of whose names I never remember to have heard before. One reason, of course, is that the American naturally sees the national type in his model or sitter, just as the Frenchman or Spaniard will. But this is by no means the only reason. Grad-

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ually, you begin to note that the American painter is evolving a distinct technique: I hardly know how to describe his painting, unless I say it is "slick," a term artists, anyway, will understand. And, besides this, they have trained their eyes to see beauty in line and harmony in composition—they have, above all, a sense of arrangement. Let me take an example to explain. In the big room of the old Salon there is a very large study of the sand dunes in the Pas de Calais, by Hughes Stanton, an Englishman, and the picture has been bought by the State for the Luxembourg. It is extremely careful, but photographic in its arrangement—or want of arrangement; the painter has apparently camped out conscientiously before his subject, and put down everything just as it is in nature, without any endeavor to select or reject, or to bring lines and masses into a well-balanced design. The result is about as interesting as a photograph. In another room, in an inconspicuous place on the walls, passed over by the authorities who buy for the Luxembourg, is a small picture of a similar subject—Dans les Dunes—by Charles Warren Eaton. It is not a remarkable landscape, but it is the work of an artist, not of a human camera, and is composed with a delicate feeling for line and pattern. There has been rejection, of the unessential, selection of the material, with which art should be concerned, and the result is far truer of nature than Mr. Stanton's chaotic record of facts—and has, moreover, genuine pictorial charm. And this pictorial charm, or the deliberate seeking for it, is characteristic of the work of almost all the younger Americans who now exhibit in Paris. At the new Salon, Mr. Sargent does not appear, it is long since Mr. Alexander and Mr. Humphreys-Johnston have contributed. Walter Gay does show—again several delicate and dainty little interiors. But I am now referring, more especially to such work as Myron Barlow's, so simple in its harmony of color, so broad in treatment, so rhythmical in line; and Mr. Frieseke's, with its decorative grace; and I think I might almost include Mr. Morrice, though he is a Canadian, for in his landscapes he is preoccupied with the same problems and qualities. In the old Salon, Richard Miller, Chauncey F. Ryder, McLane Johansen, Miss Martha Baker; Frederick Sutton, all interested me, because, though not equally successful, they all seemed striving after beauty of arrangement and distinction of style. It may be that this growing sense of line and pattern among the Americans comes from the influence of Whistler. There are not so many slavish imitations of him as there have been in previous Salons. It is rather as if Americans were beginning to realize that his was the right attitude towards nature—that the artist's business is to pick and to choose the elements which nature provides with foolish prodigality.

When there are Americans doing fine work and showing intelligent appreciation of the real aims and ends of art, it is, to say the least, disheartening to find Mr. Roosevelt sitting to a painter entirely outside this new movement in the right direction. It is all very well for Queen Alexandra to allow herself to be painted by Madame Cécile de Wentworth; the present royal family of England have always preferred the feeble and the pretty. But we expect other things from the President of the United States. Madame de Wentworth figures as the pupil of Cabanel and Detaille. But there is little evidence of her having studied under any one in her portrait of Mr. Roosevelt—the head without character, the figure without modelling, the background without perspective, the work without the distinction one is now justified in looking for from the American painter.

To judge from the Salons, the immediate future of art rests with the Americans and the Spaniards. But the French, if it is a moment of decadence or indifference with their artists, have not lost that genius for order of which you are conscious in their poplared roads and fields, in the Haussmanized streets of their capital, as in their literature and art. No great pictures may be painted by them just now but, as in the Moreau-Nélaton collection you are reminded of what their artistis were accomplishing not so many years ago, so in the arrangement of the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, you gladly admit the perfection with which they can now group and classify, and exhibit the decorative work of different nations and periods. Indeed, the effectiveness in one of the galleries of a great panel by Besnaud, which I thought empty and superficial in the Salon, has made me wonder whether, after all, many works now seeming so dull at the Grand Palais will be transfigured into masterpieces when removed to the places for which they were designed. Certainly, in two or three new rooms opened this year on the lower floor of the old Salon, much may be learned of the gain to paintings by intelligent hanging. These rooms are reserved for half a dozen or so huge panels. Two by Henri Martin—one of a shepherd and sheep on the banks of a stream in the quiet evening light, another of laborers in the fields in brilliant sunshine—depend for their charm not merely upon an appropriate setting; they would be charming anywhere. But the other panels, if hung in the crowded room of big machines upstairs, would be passed without a second glance. And yet, they borrow distinction from their surroundings, and tell on the well-spaced walls of the long cool gallery where the sunlight falls softly through the tall white-curtained windows. One day, it is to be hoped, the hanging committee will carry out as wise an arrangement in all the galleries of paintings. As it is, the pictures in the old Salon are still badly hung, though no pains is spared in displaying the decorative work. There are few large exhibitions, if any, where the trouble would be taken, as it is here, to show stained glass in the one way in which it should be shown, that is, let into a window, with the daylight shining through it.

The care devoted to some things makes the carelessness with which others are exhibited the more irritating. Nothing is more disappointing in the two Salons than the exhibition of Bracquemond's life work in the new Salon—where, as a rule, there is so much less crowding on the walls. But in all that enormous building, only one room could be spared to Bracquemond and his paintings, prints, drawings, plates, are so huddled together, reaching almost to the high ceiling, that you come away with your impression of his accomplishment lessened, asking yourself why he should heretofore have seemed so distinguished a member of one of the most distinguished groups of artists who ever heralded a new movement in France. But it is the arrangement that is to blame, as a pastel here, a series of plates there, that refuse to be overshadowed, will convince you.

N. N.

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"The Life and Work of Auguste Rodin," by Frederick Lawton (Scribners), is at once a eulogy, an apology, an interpretation, and a minute biography without being really effective except on the last count. Mr. Lawton has evidently kept his scrapbooks faithfully. Nothing that has befallen or has merely been said about the great sculptor has escaped his vigilance. In particular he has run down many works of Rodin's prentice days which, if of rather slight importance, still deserved recording. The personal record is singularly complete, even to Rodin's admiration for the Javanese dancers, and the daily ineffectual visits of his barber. The Boswellian part of the book suffers like the rest from defects in taste and literary shortcomings, but is decidedly interesting. As an interviewer, Mr. Lawton has not the gifts of his predecessor, Mlle. Cladel, but he has an eye for his hero, and a knack of making him seem very real. Rodin's talk as filtered through his biographer's notebooks brings welcome confirmation of the geometrical, almost academic, principles of composition that underlie the sometimes disquieting naturalism of the conception and modelling. In everything that involves the sculptor's personality, his struggles, the controversies that have so often raged about his work, Mr. Lawton is an excellent if naturally biassed guide. On the critical side the book is weak. We find, for example, no sufficient expression of Rodin's well-known theory of correspondences. Without realizing the sculptor's sense of the continuity of his works with all natural appearances, one cannot understand the strong element of symbolism that ennobles his apparent realism. In this regard a few pages of Gustave Geffroy or of Arthur Symons are worth this stout volume. Since Rodin's work is the most characteristic and significant production of our times in any art, this minute and fully illustrated record will retain a certain value despite its heavyhandedness. But to read about a highly subtile art in such English as is here vouchsafed, is like drinking a rare vintage in a blackjack. One cannot fail to get the pucker in such a sentence as the following, on the exhibition of 1900: "The bulk of the subjects were those that mingled the sexes, and in them the gamut of emotion was touched throughout its compass." Constant outcroppings of this stamp give one a complete distrust of Mr. Lawton's appreciations, even where one is thankful for his observations. To the lists should be added the splendid headless bronze from the sketch model for John the Baptist which has been loaned to the Metropolitan Museum by Mrs. Simpson.

The Prix Jean Reynaud at the Académie

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des Beaux-Arts has been awarded to the series of *cartons* made by the late M. Toudouze for the Gobelins tapestry designed for the Cour d'Appel at Rennes.

Bernhard Plockhorst, known for his paintings of Bible scenes and his portraits, has died at Berlin in his eighty-third year.

# Finance.

## FINANCIAL DISTRESS IN PROSPEROUS TIMES.

Probably most people who read, Tuesday morning, the news that the $5,500,000 steel trade house of Milliken Brothers had failed, were at a loss to understand it. Failures in actual panic times, such as 1893, are taken for granted; the cause then is the inability of business men on a company's books to pay their debts, or the suspension of banks where the company keeps its balances. Failures due to speculation or defalcation may happen at any time, and failures may occur, even in prosperous trade conditions, because of a sudden fall in prices for the commodities dealt in by a company, or because of what the markets call "dry rot"—the drifting away of business to competitors. The case in point, however, occurs in a business boom. Nothing in the way of what are called "financial irregularities" is stated as connected with it. Prices of the commodities sold by the company have not declined, and as for "dry rot," the first statement made by the assignee was that contracts and orders on the books of the concern had for volume never been paralleled in its history. On the face of things, these specifications would seem to prove a profitable industry and absolute financial soundness.

Yet the failure in question arose from causes so very much on the surface of things that Wall Street had been talking of them, to the exclusion of almost every other consideration, for six months past. When Secretary Shaw said, last December, that "we who pray should ask God to save us from any increased prosperity—we have all that we can stand," he was not giving utterance to a foolish paradox, but was expressing in homely language a very real dilemma of American industry, to which such men as James J. Hill had already directed serious discussion. The problem was, how to provide the facilities for the enormous and rapid expansion of trade, when the cost of providing them was increasing by leaps and bounds, and when the supply of available capital had a necessary limit. That this has been a vital problem with the railways, their bids for nearly $300,000,000 on short-term notes, in a most disadvantageous money market, are clear enough proof. But manufacturing and contracting companies have been confronted with precisely the same problem as transportation companies. With the firm of Milliken Brothers, pressure of orders led to construction of an extensive new steel-making plant, and of this their assignee remarked:

> The estimates for the completion of this steel plant were as usual exceeded, and in fact, exhausted the working capital. This was in part supplied by the individual resources of its principal stockholders, but still remained inadequate. . . . The assets comprise a plant, which, with the real estate, machinery, and plant, is valued at $7,250,000, and merchandise and supplies on hand of the value of about $750,000 more. About three-quarters of one million is invested in construction under outstanding contracts.

It is necessary only to add that companies and individuals in much stronger position were besieging the banks for accommodation at high rates, and that the requests of the steel manufacturers for the money which they needed could not be provided for. Confession of insolvency then became inevitable.

It will at once occur to mind that a series of similar disasters overtook numerous industrial companies in 1903, and for somewhat similar causes. The Consolidated Lake Superior Company, a steel-making corporation, with a capital stock of $100,000,000, which had paid a 7 per cent. annual dividend on its $35,000,000 preferred shares up to the autumn of 1902, went into bankruptcy the next year through inability to borrow $5,000,000. Other large manufacturing companies, which had been paying handsome dividends, reduced or stopped such payments, and in some cases put a cash assessment on their shareholders, in order to raise working capital. Such companies learned then that it was neither a safe nor an easy way of doing business to trust to banks and the open money market for capital needed to conduct a corporation's trade. Necessarily, this principle applied all the more forcibly when the capital thus used was not, as with the proceeds of a dry goods merchant's discounted notes, "turned over" in a season, but was "tied up" in contracts often extending, like those for the Pennsylvania Railway's New York terminals, over a series of years. The billion-dollar Steel Corporation itself learned a lesson by some bitter experiences in the money market of 1903, and has since then pursued the policy of using the bulk of its huge earnings for improvements, extensions, and new construction, even when such policy necessitated the holding down of dividends, instead of paying them out with the reckless profusion of its earlier history.

It is probable that the hard knocks sustained by the industrial companies in 1903 are the chief reason for their generally much sounder position now. This may in part explain why trade activity and prices of products have not given way in the present tight money market as they did four years ago, and it undoubtedly explains why the Milliken insolvency has not frightened the financial community on the assumption that it points to a condition generally prevalent. Nevertheless, it is open to question whether a slackening in volume of trade, and in many directions a lowering of prices, will not turn out to be the only sure line of safety for industry itself. It is plain enough to the wayfaring man where the consumer suffers, when the prices for rent and household necessaries have gone up faster than his income. It is not always so obvious that the manufacturer may suffer in the same way, when the price of labor, capital, and materials has risen faster than the price of his finished goods.

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In "Our New Internationalism" (D. Appleton & Co.) Mr. Harold Bolce makes a plea for commercial reciprocity. He has discovered that modern industry and commerce are tending to become international in scope and organization, and that protective tariffs in almost all civilized countries now obstruct the further growth of economic internationalism. For the political economists who long ago proclaimed this truth to the world he has nothing but the utmost contempt, having preferred to discover the fact for himself; but one need not quarrel with him on this account, since it is enough that he has groped his way, however blindly, into the light. Mr. Bolce has travelled extensively in Europe and other benighted districts of the world, and has made the further discovery that there are civilized people outside of the United States whose trade is worth having and with whom it would be well to enjoy freer commercial intercourse. He explains in simple yet forceful language, which should be intelligible even to the "standpatters," that the Dingley tariff is not "the result of plenary economic inspiration," that our policy of commercial exclusion has injured important American interests, and that it is likely to


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cause further injury unless we hasten to come to an understanding with Germany and other countries that have followed in her steps. He shows that "to stay put, to stand pat, and to stick in the mud, may all be the result of similar inertia"; and that inertia is something in which a commercial nation in the twentieth century cannot safely indulge. We could wish that he had not called his German porter a "packtragger" (p. 111), and wonder where and how he learned that "more than half a billion annually leaves this country for investment by Americans in the stocks and bonds of Europe"; but we are not inclined to be captious about small things. In his campaign against the "standpatter" we cannot do less than bid Mr. Bolce God-speed.

Interest in the subject of life insurance does not seem to be upon the wane if the production of books treating of that subject may be taken as a criterion. T. E. Young's "Insurance: A Practical Exposition for the Student and Business Man" (Isaac Pitman & Sons) deals with the theory of insurance in all its branches, but most of the chapters are concerned particularly with life insurance. Though written primarily for English readers, it has interest for American students of the subject; but it does not pretend to be a book for experts. If it can lay claim to no striking merits, the volume is also free from striking defects.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alarcón's El Sombrero de Tres Picos. Edited by Benjamin P. Bourland. Henry Holt & Co.
Angier, Belle Sumner. The Garden Book of California. Paul Elder & Co. $2 net.
Axon, William E. A. Cobden as a Citizen. A. Wessels Co. $6 net.
Balzani, Ugo. Sacro Romano Impero di Giacomo Bryce. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.
Benham, W. Hamilton. Trade and Trade Centers of History. De Vinne Press.
Chittenden, Russell H. The Nutrition of Man. F. A. Stokes Co.
Craig, W. H. Life of Lord Chesterfield. John Lane Co. $5 net.
Deeping, Warwick. A Woman's War. Harpers. $1.50.
Dictées Françaises. Edited by Mary S. Bruce. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Dunn, Robert. The Shameless Diary of an Explorer. Outing Publishing Co. $1.50.
Fisk, May Isabel. The Talking Woman. Harpers. $1.25.
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